THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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SCENES OF SPRING.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY JENNIE TEMPLE.

The sun steals through the window-pane
  Upon the sanded kitchen floor,
And dripping showers of gleeful rain
  Peep shyly through the open door.
Then glad beams kiss the tears away,
  Bid nature wear her sweetest smile,
And tell the weeping skies be gay,
  Forgetful of their griefs the while.

The cheery robin builds its nest
  Upon the hawthorn's tangled bough,
Or chirps its flaty song at rest
  Beside the rustic at his plough.
The blue-bird's grateful anthems ring
  Adown the sloping, shadowy dale,
And butterflies on powdered wing
  Make glad the winding, dreamy vale.

The drowsy hum of droning bees,
  The lowing of the distant kine,
The wandering, ever-sighing breeze,
  And green buds of the swaying vine;
The noisy birds, the humming bees
  All join the chorus of the sky,
And all the perfume-laden trees
  Proclaim that radiant spring is nigh.

JOYCE DORMER'S STORY.

BY JEAN BONCŒUR.

CHAPTER XIII.

FROM JOYCE'S DIARY.

November 27th.—A week since Mrs. Gresford Lynn's funeral. We have seen nothing of Mr. Lynn since.

Aunt Lotty has been weeping surreptitiously all the week, when Mr. Carmichael's eye was not upon her. She has made me tell her over and over again all that occurred at Lynncourt. I have described the dining-room until she knows it as well as I do. She avoids saying much before Doris, for the poor child is overwhelmed with grief, and cannot get over the sad event.

Why do I call it sad? Would I not like to be sleeping now as quietly as Mrs. Lynn is sleeping? I think I would give a great deal to change places with her, and yet perhaps this is wrong. Are not our lots appointed in life; and is it not for us to endure? After all, may there not be more faith in endurance than in the most zealous labors? May not the brightest crowns be given, not to the energetic laborers who have labored boldly and labored well, but to those poor souls who have meekly suffered, and yet have also patiently and faithfully endured to the very end?

Mr. Carmichael, strange to say, is also interested in Mrs. Lynn's death, and seems to regret it, but through what combination of ideas I cannot understand, since he is more openly bitter against Mr. Lynn than he has ever been before; and yet I heard him utter one day:

"I wish she had not died."

Odd; but Mr. Carmichael is incomprehensible, and I cannot yet fathom what was his object in allowing Doris to attend the death-bed of Mrs. Lynn.

"The poor little children!" said Aunt Lotty.

And Doris burst out crying.

"What ails the girl?" asks Mr. Carmichael; "is it 'coming events,' Doris? Troubles never comes singly, eh? There may be more yet in store for Lynncourt."

"Oh, uncle, what makes you hate them so?" and Doris's head goes down again.

"You would go to Lynncourt. Nothing would have stopped you," pursued Mr. Carmichael; "and you see the end of it. You won't get over this for three months or more."

"I'm glad I went."

"Then what are you mourning over. You knew what you were going to see; and if you are glad that you went you ought to be satisfied."

"That is not what Doris means," I begin.

But Mr. Carmichael stops me.

"I have nothing to do with what Doris means—only with what Doris says; I can't help it if she does not express herself properly."

How can Mr. Carmichael quibble over such a sorrowful subject? But he seems possessed by some malicious demon at the present time. I never saw any one behave in such an extraordinary manner. He seems as if he could not let the matter drop.

Again he begins:

"Mr. Lynn is much cut up, you say?" he says, turning to Aunt Lotty.

"Yes, I heard so," replies Aunt Lotty, timidly.

"Who told you?" demands Mr. Carmichael, sternly, whereat Aunt Lotty becomes nervous, and incoherently murmurs something about a woman who sews sometimes for the Lynns.

"Does she do sewing for you as well?"

"Yes."

"Let her never do any for the future—I'll not go halves with Lynncourt for anything."

Aunt Lotty twitched her knitting pins, and I could see her hands shaking; but the woman in question, depending chiefly on the sewing of Green Oake for a living, Aunt Lotty is emboldened to beg for her.

"It is Letty Jones," she urges.

"Letty Jones must find another employer then," answers Mr. Carmichael, as he walks away.

Then poor Aunt Lotty reproaches herself for having mentioned Letty Jones's name.

"But I am always sure to do wrong—no wonder Mr. Carmichael gets angry," she says. "You see, dearest, I am so inferior to him, I never know just the right thing to do or say."

Just then Doris roused herself up.

"Inferior, Aunt Lotty! You are as superior to Uncle Carmichael as light to darkness. I love you, and I hate Uncle Carmichael. There, I have said it at last—I knew I should some time."

"Oh, Doris! Doris!"

"I don't care," returned Doris, impetuously. "Why does he come in that calm cool way of his, saying all kinds of cruel disagreeable things that one has to listen to? It would rouse the spirit of a lamb, and I'm not a lamb, and I don't want to be one. And what is he always hinting at? as if I should wish harm to happen to the Gresford Lynns, if I *have* the misfortune to bear the name of Carmichael. I would sooner lie down and die this minute than that any trouble should come near those children."

And then another marvel happened. Mr. Carmichael put his head into the room again; and now the shade of anger had passed away, and a sort of smile was on his lips.

"You can have Letty Jones again if you please. It is perhaps as well to get accustomed to communication with Lynncourt."

And then his head disappeared, and Aunt Lotty's spirits revived, and she made some speech about Mr. Carmichael's Christian and forgiving spirit. But as I saw nothing for him to forgive I could not respond to it. And as it was somewhat long and decidedly prosy, I found myself looking out of the window, and falling into quite a different train of thought, which was suddenly interrupted by the appearance of a stranger approaching the house.

"Who can it be?" said I, overpowering a sentence of Aunt Lotty's that ended with "meekness," or "loving kindness," I forget which.

"Who—what?" asked Aunt Lotty, scattering her little eulogy to the winds.

"A gentleman," said I.

"Perhaps Gabriel," said Doris, starting up and coming nearer the window. "No," she added, in a disappointed tone, "it is only a sort of gentleman."

When the stranger was ushered in he certainly answered to Doris's description. He was half gentlemanly in his dress, and half like a groom. It would have been difficult to define where the gentleman ended and the groom began, or *vice versa*. He spoke with a free-and-easy swagger, which might either be affected, or the result of natural vulgarity.

This personage announced himself as Mr. James Withers, an old friend of Mr. Carmichael's.

"Is Hugh at home?" he asked of Aunt Lotty, who sat aghast at the presumption of the man before her, for I question whether she had ever heard Mr. Carmichael spoken of by his Christian name before. Indeed I doubt if she had ever used it herself, excepting on the occasion of her marriage.

"I think Mr. Carmichael is at home," she replied.

"Ah! The servant wasn't sure; so I said I would come in and wait, for Hugh would be very sorry not to see me. Daresay you have often heard him speak of James Withers."

But Aunt Lotty was unable to reply in the affirmative.

"Ah! indeed!" continued Mr. Withers.—"I'm surprised at that. But Hugh was always a close fellow, and never let out more than he had any occasion to. Not that, sometimes. Ha! ha! ha!" and Mr. Withers laughed.

Aunt Lotty looked uncomfortable. Just then Mr. Carmichael's step sounded along the passage.

"He always wore creaking boots," remarked Mr. Withers. But as he looked at no one especially, no one felt called upon to reply.

Indeed, we were all in a manner petrified, and were looking at the door, for there was a feeling in all our minds that somehow or other Mr. Carmichael would not be pleased to find Mr. Withers established in the drawing-room.

The door opened; and Mr. Carmichael entered. Mr. Withers jumped up.

"How do you do, old fellow? How are you after all the years since I last saw you? Didn't expect to find you in these parts. All the greater treat, since it wasn't looked for."

"Glad to see you, Withers," returned Mr. Carmichael, and he extended his mouth, in imitation of a smile of greeting. "Where have you been all this time?"

"Buried up in the north," replied Mr. Withers. "But I've been taking a run south, and have been in Devonshire the last six months. I'm on my way home now."

Mr. Carmichael half suppressed an exclamation.

"The last time we parted was in a land far enough away," said Mr. Withers. "Do you hear much news from Australia now? Is Hargrave still alive? I suppose not."

"I don't know," returned Mr. Carmichael. "I'm trying to find out."

"Ha!" said Mr. Withers. "He'd be an old man now. Let me see; fifty, thirty—eighty-four at the very least, and he was not a strong man."

"No," replied Mr. Carmichael, in a musing tone. "And you think he must be dead?"

"I should say so."

"I think so myself, but I want to be sure. I wrote some weeks ago to see if any one could find out anything about him."

"Have you any particular reason for wanting to know?"

It was a simple question enough, and yet Mr. Carmichael seemed annoyed by it, for he turned the subject.

"Where are you going to from here?" he asked.

"I'm going to stay here a day or two. I've put up at the Lynn Arms. By-the-by, I met two children on my way here, and one of them reminded me so of Jack Gresford, as I remember him before—"

I was all attention now. Surely the root of bitterness was going to be revealed. Perhaps Mr. Carmichael had the same idea, for he rose hastily.

"Send some luncheon into my study," said he to Aunt Lotty. "You will take a glass of wine?" he continued, turning to Mr. Withers, who also rose, and they left the room together.

* * * * *

Surely we shall learn something. Mr. Carmichael has insisted upon Mr. Withers staying at Green Oake for the day or two that he is to be in the neighborhood. And he pays as much attention to him as he did to Mr. Chester, which Aunt Lotty wonders at.

"I'm sure he is not half so nice a man," she says. "I can't see why Mr. Carmichael should be so polite to him. But it's another evidence of his goodness. He is no respecter of persons."

Poor Aunt Lotty! Will she ever read Mr. Carmichael aright?

Better that she should not, or a sun will have fallen out of her firmament. And then it will be quite night to her, and it's twilight more than half the time now.

We are not favored with much of Mr. Withers's company, and with none of his direct conversation, for Mr. Carmichael engrosses his guest entirely, and keeps up a monotonous flow upon the most wearisome topics. I am sure Mr. Withers is bored, though he jokes Mr. Carmichael upon his acquisition of loquacity.

"You used to be such a silent fellow, Hugh. Never had more words than enough, and that short measure for any one. It must be owing to you, ma'am," said Mr. Withers, suddenly turning to Aunt Lotty, who was almost deprived of speech by the unexpected address.

However she contrived to stammer, "Oh dear no; I do not talk much."

Whereat Mr. Withers laughed louder, and remarked, "Then he's been obliged to do it all, and it's necessity that is the mother of invention."

Which speech he seemed to think very witty, and I was amazed that so punctilious a person as Mr. Carmichael could tolerate such an untoward person.

But Mr. Carmichael scrupulously avoids being annoyed. But there has been no mention of John Gresford since, though Doris and I have been on the look-out constantly.

CHAPTER XIV.

Mr. Carmichael's study was a small room at the side of the house, looking into the flower-garden. The walls, as a matter of course, were lined with books, but the books were seldom removed from their shelves excepting by Joyce and Doris, for Mr. Carmichael was no reader. Heavy curtains shaded the windows; the furniture was very handsome, and there was a luxuriously stuffed easy-chair on either side of the fireplace.

In this room Mr. Carmichael transacted his business, here he read his newspapers, and here in fact he spent most of his time. And here the two men stood by the fireplace now, the one the model of a neat and well-dressed gentleman, the other a man of nondescript type. The one a sedate respectable-looking person; the other, unkempt and disreputable in his appearance. And yet there was an expression decidedly similar upon the face of each, as they stood gazing steadfastly at one another. Thus they stood for several seconds, and then Mr. Withers, throwing himself into one of the luxuriously stuffed chairs, spoke.

"Times are changed since we last met, Hugh." And he gazed round the comfortable apartment.

Mr. Carmichael, who had seated himself in the opposite chair, nodded.

"You made money after *that*," said Mr. Withers, with emphasis.

Mr. Carmichael winced.

"What's the use of referring to an unpleasant subject, Withers?"

"None at all, except by way of contrast," responded Mr. Withers; "and between old friends it's safe enough; there's no one knows anything about it but me and Jack Gresford, if he's still alive."

Mr. Carmichael fidgeted, rose, poked the fire, sat down again, and finally, in a constrained voice, replied,

"John Gresford is still alive, and living in this very place. Those were his boys you met to-day."

Mr. Withers started to his feet.

"Good heavens! Then what has induced you to pitch your tent in these parts?"

"I had been settled here ten years or more when he came, and I couldn't well leave."

"Hum! Well, you're safe as far as he's concerned."

"Yes. I'm not afraid of that; but it's not agreeable to meet with a living witness of what one would rather forget," said Mr. Carmichael, bitterly.

"Pooh! as long as no one knows, what does it matter? He'll never peach, now. He didn't before, for poor Nelly's sake, and he wouldn't now, because he in a manner compounded a felony; besides, there's no legal evidence. Tut, man, you've no need to mind; lift up your head and growl back at him if he gives himself any airs."

To do Mr. Carmichael justice, he growled a good deal more than his neighbor, as people who are under deep obligations that they cannot throw off are apt to do. The benefitted person often feels as though his benefactor had injured him. And so it was with Mr. Carmichael: he had hated John Gresford all his life; he had begun by doing him injury, which John Gresford had looked over; he had continued to persecute him, and John Gresford had helped him out of a difficulty,—nay, more than a difficulty, a penal offence, that would have ruined him for life. Certainly he assisted him for the sake of another; but that, under the circumstances, rendered it none the less galling. He was, and would be, John Gresford's debtor to the end of his life, in a matter in which he could never be quits with him.

"And where does Jack Gresford take up his quarters?" asked Mr. Withers.

"At a place close by, left to him by an uncle, whose name he has taken. He's John Gresford Lynn, of Lynncourt, now."

"And the 'Lynn Arms' belongs to him, I suppose?"

"Yes, part of the property."

"He's well off too, then," mused Mr. Withers; "something of a great man in these parts; would scarcely care to see a friend of early days. Why, I remember him a lad, with hardly a penny wherewith to blow himself, and yet he managed to scrape enough together to get you out of that mess, Hugh."

"I wish you'd talk about something else," interrupted Mr. Carmichael, sharply.

"Well, now, I don't see why one shouldn't go back to early days. If one's early faults are repented of, and have been lessons through life, one ought to be obliged to them. You didn't carry on business over and above scrupulously in those times, but you've had to be more particular since, so the warning was beneficial. If I were you, I should make quite a moral sentiment out of it, something quite edifying. You were always something of a sticker-up for morals and piety, even in your worst days, and now you're surrounded with so many blessings," continued Mr. Withers, assuming a sanctimonious expression, that oddly contrasted with a twinkle in his eye, "I should think you might practice piety with all the pomp and vanity that this wicked world dresses it up in."

"What are you driving at, Withers?"

"At a stone wall, it seems, since you can't understand. I was never much of a church or chapel-going fellow myself, and didn't pretend to be, and I'm not more so now; but I'd lay an even bet that your piety and mine wouldn't make a bad couple in a race. I think they'd come in pretty equal in the long run."

Mr. Carmichael did not answer. Mr. Withers's locubrations decidedly fretted him, but he had his own reasons for wishing to keep on friendly terms with him. Had it suited him at that especial moment to quarrel, he would most assuredly have lost no time in turning him out of the house. But it did not suit him, so he remained silent, and awaited Mr. Withers's next speech.

"Jack Gresford was a good-looking fellow, and a sensible one, too. Though he was years younger than we were, Hugh, I don't know anyone whose opinion I'd sooner have taken in any matter of business."

"No."

"How cleverly he managed that business for you! How he got the note into his own hands, and paid the money down for it, and then destroyed it before our eyes. You'd have been a ruined man if it hadn't been for that. You'd never have been settled down here. Why, you ought to—"

"Be quiet, Withers," said Mr. Carmichael, in a voice of suppressed rage; "you're enough to drive one mad. Why do you come down to a man's house and bring up old scores in that way?"

"One can't help moralising when one looks back and sees how different things might have been. Here are you, surrounded by every comfort and with lots of money and with lots of credit; and here am I, a poor fellow who never made a slip of your sort, as poor as a church mouse."

Mr. Carmichael sprang up.

"Withers," said he, "I'll have no more of this."

"I don't mean any offence, Hugh; but when I see you up so high and I'm down so low in the world, I can't help having a fling at Fortune and her tricks."

"I saved and you spent," suggested Mr. Carmichael.

"Not exactly, I hadn't it to save as you had. Yours came in in the lump, mine in watts and strays."

"Are you married, Withers?"

"My wife is dead."

"Have you any children?"

"None."

"Would fifty pounds be of any use to you?"

"It would."

"Well, I'm willing to give that to an old friend if he's willing to remain one."

"All right."

"Then you'll stay at Green Oake whilst you're in this neighborhood?"

"Thank you, Hugh; my purse isn't so heavy but that I shall be glad to save it. I'll come, and you may depend upon me. And how about Jack Gresford; am I to see him or not? Won't it be awkward?"

"You're not likely to see him unless you go to church, which, judging from bygones, you're not very likely to do."

Mr. Withers laughed.

"Besides," continued Mr. Carmichael, "he's going up to London to-morrow or the next day. His wife died about a fortnight since, and—"

"Then he did marry?" interrupted Mr. Withers.

"Yes. He went to the Brazils after he turned up in that wonderful manner, when everyone thought he had been dead for more than a year; there he married a Spanish lady, a poor delicate creature, and they came over to England about eight years ago, when old Mr. Lynn died and left John Gresford the property."

"I never heard that he did turn up; I thought he was in his grave long ago. It's years since I left the colonies, and I never hear anything about the folks there now. If Nelly had lived he'd have married her, I suppose," said Mr. Withers.

"Very likely," returned Mr. Carmichael.

And a softer gleam passed over his countenance, the first that had lighted it up since the arrival of Mr. Withers. Had he then any lingering spark of feeling? Could the memory of a dead one have an influence on his cold nature? Perhaps it might, perhaps he felt some degree of gratitude to her for whose sake his guilty business transaction had been covered.

There is a skeleton in every house, says the old proverb: might it not go further and say, a skeleton in every heart? This was Mr. Carmichael's skeleton. He had lost sight of it for years, he had buried it and placed a great stone over it, but at the sight of John Gresford the tomb had burst open, and the skeleton was raised to life. Time was again producing some effect in re-burying it, when at the appearance of James Withers it again rose up stronger than ever, and confronted its master. There was but one way in which to lay it, and that was not in Mr. Carmichael's nature.

He had been a bitter enemy of John Gresford's, and in the benefit conferred his hatred was in no whit abated. His dishonesty had not hurt his conscience so much as his respectability; he mourned over it, but did not repent of it; mourned over it as an unlucky step, and wished it had turned out differently. The commission of the act was a matter of little weight with him, but he would have given worlds if John Gresford had not known of it. It was but the once: his business affairs had been since then carried on most creditably, and yet those years of good conduct and good fortune had not laid the spectre.

There was but one way in which he could cast it from him, and that one way it was not in Mr. Carmichael's nature to take. Why did he not go straight to John Gresford and throw off the weight that oppressed him? Why not have said, "John Gresford, I am sorry for the past; it has been repented of."

But he was too proud to humble himself before one whom he had tried to injure in other ways. He was too proud to ask forgiveness for those injuries. He could not so humiliate himself.

Humiliate! How little men understand humiliation, if they deem the confession of wrong-doing humiliates them. A pardon asked is often a debt honestly paid, and a noble nature will impulsively ask it, where a cowardly and mean one shrinks from such a reparation.

Therefore Mr. Carmichael's skeleton tormented him, and therefore he tolerated Mr. Withers; not that he feared Mr. Withers in this matter, for he knew him to be a good-natured fellow, who would not do him an ill turn for old acquaintance sake. And though no harm might come of it, it would be as well to keep him from meeting with John Gresford.

So Mr. Carmichael decided, and he managed matters to his satisfaction until just upon the eve of Mr. Withers's departure.

CHAPTER XV.

Misfortunes never come singly—so thought Mr. Carmichael.

Had he been in the habit of studying the classics that reposed in such handsome bindings upon his bookshelves, he would have compared himself with Epimethus, just presented with Pandora's box.

But as Mr. Carmichael was not classical and had never heard of Epimethus, the simile did not present itself to his mind, therefore he was con-

tented to consider himself as one of the most unlucky men that ever lived. He was annoyed beyond measure,—nothing could have happened so unfortunately. Why could he not be left in peace at Green Oake? It was an out-of-the-way place enough.

Mr. Carmichael had forgotten that there are no out-of-the-way places in the world now; scarce a place where a man can lose his identity; scarce a place where some one will not turn up, linking him with the great chain of society from which he wishes to sever himself. Impossible! he can't snap it. The great cable winds itself round the world, it stretches and tightens at the same moment, for as it increases it draws closer together, until like a network it takes in the whole mass of humanity.

And therefore Mr. Carmichael could not get rid of the links that still kept him in connection with the chain, and which, though broken, were being patched up again. He could not free himself, struggle as he would; for a subtler power, which men call Destiny, was at work, and was twisting him into the cord he had tried to untwist himself from. The Fates were weaving their web, and the warp and woof were getting into knots and tangles. Was Mr. Carmichael skillful enough to keep the fabric smooth? Why had this consternation seized upon him?

It was caused by the unexpected return of Mr. Chester, who had not started so early for the Continent as he had intended, and now, having a few days to spare, had turned his steps towards Green Oake.

Mr. Carmichael devoutly wished he had turned them anywhere else, but he did not say so. On the contrary, he invited Mr. Chester to stay at Green Oake, and Mr. Chester accepted the invitation.

"What will he think of Mr. Withers, I wonder?" was Aunt Lotty's inward meditation.

Perhaps Mr. Carmichael's meditations coincided with those of his wife. If so, they shaped themselves from thought into action, for Mr. Carmichael suddenly announced that he was going over to Winstowe, and wished to take Mr. Withers with him.

Mr. Withers, not caring for ladies' society, and having likewise had *his* meditations, and having arrived at the conclusion that the newcomer was by no means a "man of his sort," was nothing loth to accept the impromptu offer. And so the two departed.

Doris gave a sigh of relief.

"How delightful!"

(Aunt Lotty of course not being in the room.)

Mr. Chester turned to Joyce.

"Have you been dreaming much lately, Miss Dormer?"

Joyce looked up in wonder. Doris laughed.

"That is just like Gabriel."

"What do you mean, Doris?"

"Why, your thoughts have gone wandering as they often do, and Gabriel has found it out. But I wish you'd find out more, Gabriel, for Joyce is dreaming a story, and I can't make out what it is about. I believe it's all in her diary, but I'm not to read that till I'm quite an old woman, and that's a long time to wait. Can't you find out the plot for me?"

"Perhaps I might if I were Odin, and had a couple of wonderful ravens to collect information."

"Who were the ravens?"

"Hugo and Mumin, Thought and Memory. Hugo would perch on Miss Dormer's shoulder and penetrate the secrets of her brain, whilst Mumin would remember everything that Hugo revealed, and bring it home to me at night, and I could tell you in the morning. But you see my unassisted powers won't enable me to do this, and these wonderful birds died out with Odin."

"What strange fancies those old-world people had: and yet the birds have a curious poetic meaning about them," said Doris.

"Yes, it was the way with the old-world people to materialize attributes, and some of their conceits are very beautiful."

"And to idealize facts also, was it not?" said Joyce. "I have often thought that old myths are but a figurative rendering of mind and matter. A fact was figuratively dressed, and then the idealization grew into fact again, until the fact that gave it being was lost, and its new form became an accepted truth."

"Lord Bacon had the same sort of idea," replied Mr. Chester, "that *every* Greek myth, if people would take the pains to decipher it, is but the typification of some phase of nature. It was the genius of the early nations to idealise in this way; a sort of struggle out of the chaos of ignorance in which the growing mind found itself, the effort of an uncultured brain teeming with impulsive intuitions. See how the Gothic soul explained to itself the wonders of creation, and called up in sublime superstition giants, whose wrath was thundered forth in the devastating storm and the fierce wind; whilst greater than the giants in his power and in his perfections rose the sun-god to send peace and plenty upon the earth. But what has all this to do with the point we started from—Miss Dormer's day-dream, or story that she is dreaming?"

Joyce looked deprecatingly at Doris, but Doris took no heed of her.

"Who is the hero or heroine?" asked Mr. Chester.

"I cannot make out," said Doris, "it cannot possibly be Uncle Carmichael, and I'm certain it is not you. The story must be some sort of a personifying of ideas until a group of living characters moves around her. Perhaps she brings up nixies and water-nymphs, for I think she has made a good deal of it up whilst we have been out boating."

"What nonsense you are talking, Doris!"

"Not at all; you confessed to a story."

"Doris does not understand," said Joyce, appealing to Mr. Chester; "one lives in a tale sometimes, besides living one's actual daily life."

"I don't know," interrupted Doris; "I think sometimes what you call the actual life is not half so real as the one lived within one's self."

"We are getting metaphysical," said Mr. Chester. "How many lives are you going to give to people?"

"I should give two," said Joyce.

"I should give three," said Doris.

"I should give one," said Mr. Chester. "Well, Miss Dormer?"

"An outer and an inner life," said Joyce, in answer; "the one we are compelled to live, the other we make for ourselves."

"Hum! doubtful," responded Mr. Chester. "Now, Doris."

"The actual life, by which I mean living surrounded by outward circumstances, performing a daily routine; then the mind, then the soul—"

"You put mind and soul together, Miss Dormer?" said Mr. Chester, turning to her.

"I did so, but perhaps I might divide them like Doris, for the two may be separated; though I had considered the two as making up the inner life."

"What is the soul?"

"The immortal part."

"And the mind?"

"The intelligent thinking part."

"Does not the soul think, act, receive, and is it not intelligent?"

Joyce looked a little puzzled.

"All people," said she, after a moment's hesitation, "have a soul."

"Yes."

"But all have not mind; a lunatic, for instance, is bereft of mind, and yet he has a soul. Would not that prove the existence of two distinct elements?"

"Is his soul responsible in such a case?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because there is no mind to influence it."

"Is he accountable for his actions?"

"No."

"Therefore he is not a perfect being; for not one of those three elements that Doris calls lives is acting its individual part, is capable of maintaining what Doris would call a life irrespective of the others. For a perfect being there must be an union of the three elements to make one perfect life. I prefer your theory of the two lives, Miss Dormer, though that can only be carried out to a certain extent; for our inner life can never be insensible to outer causes. It is influenced by the outer life, and cannot have an entirely separate existence. Joy and sorrow do not arise in our hearts of themselves. Thoughts even are suggestions of the outer life, no inner life being independent of extraneous causes."

"You tie me down a little too closely, Mr. Chester. All I meant was that one might lead a very matter-of-fact quiet life, and yet in the inner life be living a sort of story."

"You don't tie me down, though, Gabriel, for I believe in my three lives still," said Doris.

Mr. Chester smiled.

"You want the three to make one, Doris; the one won't divide into three."

"You never believe in anything, Gabriel, I know."

"Don't I; but go on with Miss Dormer's story."

"As far as I can make out, it is this:—Once upon a time two princesses came to an enchanted castle: a giant was the owner of it, but I can't tell you his name. He was an exceedingly dreadful giant, and if it had not been for his wife he would have been unbearable. He did not drink barrels of mead and eat whole oxen, but he made every one around afraid of him. I'm sure of the story so far, but the part I can't make out is what is going to happen to the two princesses, for Joyce won't let out the plot."

"And I'm not to be the hero?"

"No, she does not appreciate you sufficiently, Gabriel."

Mr. Chester look at Joyce, but he could not see her face, for it was half-turned away; she felt very much vexed with Doris.

"May I ask wherein I have offended?" asked Mr. Chester.

Joyce turned round.

"You must not believe what Doris says. I hope I do every one justice."

"There," said Doris, "that is just what I object to; people are for ever talking of justice, and justice is such a poor beggarly element in this world's creed. It means allowing just as much as you're obliged to, and not an atom over. I hope no one will ever do *me* justice; I'd much rather they wouldn't."

"What would you have more than justice, Doris?" asked Mr. Chester.

"I'm not talking about justice as it ought to be, perhaps; but justice as it is. In fact, I don't believe there is any at all, and I quite believe in the old story, that justice left the earth in the golden ages, and that now she only looks upon it from afar, or pays it a hasty visit now and then. She never stays very long, not feeling at home here."

"Then you would appeal to Miss Dormer's mercy in my behalf, and pray her to make me a hero in the story."

"I believe," said Doris, suddenly, "that Mr. Withers is part of the story: he is an ogre who could tell about the giant something that he does not want known."

Joyce started.

And here to her relief Aunt Lotty came into the room, and so the conversation turned upon different subjects.

And at night Joyce took out her diary and made a long entry.

I can't help thinking that there is something in what Doris says, else why should Mr. Carmichael be so attentive to such a man? Besides, how anxious he is to prevent his conversing with any one. There is another thing I can't make out—he does not seem to mind about Mr. Chester's being with Doris now. It can't be—no—Mr. Chester cares as much for Doris as ever, and Doris seems even fonder of him. I can't make it out.

I'm sure I heard Mr. Carmichael tell Mr. Withers that Doris was his brother's daughter. It might have been a slip for sister, but I think not; for I looked at him at the moment, and I'm sure he went just the least bit in the world red; and that's a very unusual thing for Mr. Carmichael.

Perhaps, after all, he may have a little conscience. But certainly his statements do not agree with one another.

I have been lecturing Doris for all that she said this afternoon to Mr. Chester; but I make no impression upon her. She says she shall not rest until I thoroughly appreciate him. I'm sure I do now; more's the pity, for the next thing will be his coming as a shadow between us.

Oh, Doris, Doris! if you could only see what you are doing, you would be sorry for your work. It's easier to do than to undo; and I don't want to get envious and jealous. Oh! whatever happens, I trust that no jealousy will ever enter my heart. It's the one thing above all others I scorn. I can suffer anything; but let me keep myself from this meanness of soul.

Ah! how foolish I am. There is Doris looking more lovely than ever; like a fragile spirit moving about. What a lovely creature she is—so impulsive, so thoughtless! I could see Mr. Chester watching her all the time. He spoke to me about the packet again, and made me promise to write if any need should arise.

"I can't understand about this fortune that is to come to Doris," said he. "Mr. Carmichael tells me he must get some information from Australia before he can proceed further in the matter. He says he has all his evidence ready, and that it is clear and decisive; that he thinks there will be no difficulty."

"I don't understand him," I said.

"Neither do I," returned Mr. Chester. "He's some interest himself in the matter; for though he would naturally be anxious to secure a fortune for his niece, yet there's an eagerness and an air of triumph about him that I cannot comprehend."

"He cannot want the money for himself," I answered: "he seems to have no lack, and there is only my aunt and himself."

"No, I don't think it is money," replied Mr. Chester, thoughtfully.

"Have you any idea from whom this money is to come?"

"No, I never heard Mrs. Carmichael speak of her husband. I believe my mother knew the whole story, but she never said anything about it. All I know is, that she was in Australia at the time of her husband's death; he died or was killed in an expedition up the country. Mrs. Carmichael remained there three months afterwards, and then set sail for England; but the vessel met with a storm two or three days out and went down. Only a few managed to get into the boats, and of those in the boat with Mrs. Carmichael only Doris and herself were saved. They were picked up by a Spanish vessel and taken to Lisbon, whence after great hardships she succeeded in making her way to England with her daughter. She seemed to have no relatives but this one brother; therefore I cannot imagine where this property is to come from."

Perhaps, I thought, Mr. Withers may know something about it, and that is why Mr. Carmichael and he have been over to Winstowe; but I did not mention it to Mr. Chester. I don't know why, but I had a dislike to his thinking that Mr. Withers could in any way be mixed up in our family affairs.

I know Mr. Chester must think him a very odd person. Aunt Lotty thinks so too.

"My dear," she said to me, "I wish some one could tell Mr. Chester that Mr. Withers has never been at Green Oake before, and that I had never heard of him until the other day. I would do it myself, but I know I should make some blunder over it."

So I was glad to see that Aunt Lotty had my views; for if one doubts one's own wisdom, it is a comfort to think that others can be equally foolish.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ A preacher in Richmond is now undergoing the slow torment of a church trial on a charge of having promised to marry twelve different women, five of them named Mary.

☞ Five women are editors of papers in Iowa. Woman has some of her "writes" in that State.

☞ An Englishman, Eastman, by name, has introduced a novelty in the way of printing on dyed silks. It consists in printing an "elegant design" in white, blue, mauve, green, or gold color on any *dyed silk*, giving it all the appearance of new, and obviating the existing objection to plain dyed silk.

☞ ADULTERATION OF COFFEE.—The report of the Inland Revenue states that the unscrupulous portion of the dealers in coffee, finding that an unlawful profit could no longer be obtained by the sale of chicory, have resorted to the use of another article much better suited for the adulteration of coffee than even chicory itself, and through which the success of more than one of the now "eminent" firms in the coffee trade was established. The adulterant is known in the trade as "finings," but is simply burnt sugar or caramel, and has only about one-third the value of duty-paid coffee.

☞ The main building of the Universal Exposition in Paris is said to resemble "a gigantic brown tub," and to have been christened by the Emperor a "gasometer."

☞ The London Review, speaking of Judge Holmes's book on the "Authorship of Shakspeare," remarks that "even if Shakspeare, after all, did *not* write Shakspeare—which we see no reason to believe—it is pretty certain that Bacon was not the author. He had not sufficient geniality of nature for such performances, and what we know of his verse-writing is singular for its baldness and want of metre."

☞ An enthusiastic Millerite at Providence, R. I., who fancied that the millenium was near at hand, recently arrayed himself in a white garment, remarkable only for its scantiness, and with a red candle and white flag, stationed himself in the window of his hotel, exhorting the passers-by, and waiting for his translation. He was twice interrupted by the police, and finally taken to the insane asylum.

☞ At Rock Hill, South Carolina, on Saturday, a woman became mother of five pounds of daughter; forty-two hours after, five and three-quarter pounds more of daughter resulted, "simultaneously succeeded" by eight pounds and four ounces of son, all to the delight (?) of a father more than seventy years old. "All doing well." Few have done better.

☞ THE VIBRATIONS OF SOUND AND COLOR.—The deepest note which the human ear perceives as a continuous sound, it is said, is produced by 16 vibrations a second; the most acute by 48,000 vibrations. The extremes of color, it is said, are red and violet, the former being given by 458,000,000,000 vibrations of light per second, and the latter by 727,000,000,000 vibrations.

☞ A wealthy and eccentric Englishman, William Derby, seven feet tall and broad in proportion, residing at Vienna, fell recently and fatally injured his skull. During the interval of four days before his death he sold his body to museum of natural history, and received the money.

☞ The Springfield (Ill.) Register says a rural couple were spliced in a dry goods store of that city on the 2d inst., permission to use the premises for the purpose having been accorded them by the proprietor, on the principle that "weddings are certain, sooner or later, to produce a briskness in the dry goods business."

☞ "DUMMIES" IN ST. LOUIS.—The St. Louis County Court has withdrawn the right granted the street railroad company to use steam in propelling their cars. The "dummy" engines worked well, but scared teams continually, causing great annoyance and some mischief.

☞ Here is a story about the North German elections: A coachman of Stettin was asked by his wife which of the candidates he had voted for. "I don't know," was the reply, "as the voting was secret." On being pressed to explain what he meant by secret voting, he added that each voter got his voting paper in a sealed envelope, which he had put into the voting urn without reading its contents.

☞ The Independent says that Commodore Vanderbilt holds one certificate covering one hundred thousand shares, more than half of the entire stock of the Hudson River Railroad. This is probably the most valuable piece of engraved paper in the country.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1867.

OUR NOVELETS.

We bespeak attention to our new novelet, which we think will be a worthy successor to the greatly admired story of "Hearts Errant." It is called,

JOYCE DORMER'S STORY;

BY JEAN BONCŒUR—

and will run through a number of papers. We are glad to find that our novelets, stories, &c., are giving so much satisfaction to our readers.

We are still able to supply back numbers to the first of January, containing the whole of Mr. Bennett's deeply interesting novelet, "The Outlaw's Daughter."

NAPOLEON III.

There is some reason to believe that the Rev. John S. C. Abbott, to whom we are indebted for the glowing "Life of Napoleon I.," designs giving us a history of Napoleon III. At least he is said to be in Paris collecting materials to that end, and to have received the thanks of the Emperor in advance. As we take it these are thanks put out at rich interest. It is an excellent plan to get in the good graces of one's biographer, and the panegyrist of the uncle may safely be thanked by the nephew.

But will it do to trust a biography—written from materials collected during the man's life and under his eye, by a hand accustomed to throw roses in the track of a Napoleon, its good report abrewdly taken for granted—to the faith of posterity? There is reason to believe that the future will have its questions to ask, its knotty problems to propound. Under many a deep stratum of state papers and official documents, on which no impartial eye can hope to fall, lies buried much of the life of the French Emperor. The history of such a man is scattered over the world and by no one hand nor in no one year can it be gathered. Musty rows of figures hidden in deep pigeon holes, here a stray bit of confidence, there the inkling of a motive, a strange array of fragments, by themselves of no moment, yet of such stuff is the true web of history woven. We doubt not Mr. Abbott will paint his hero rose color; many of us might paint him of inky hue; and yet perhaps neither do justice to the man.

The world does not lack biographies, yet what does it really know of its great men? Who shall venture to assert the truths and errors of these biographical notices? It has been remarked that "In Fiction all is true but names and dates, in History all false but names and dates," and, it might be added, these not above question.

Yet Truth is hard to be concealed. Though a man take it into the grave with him it is a vital seed which will sometime germinate, will at last reach the upper air in good or evil witness against its concealer. In these days there is a wonderful opening of old seals, the idols of tradition are being called to account, the favorites of history bidden to prove their claim to the world's good opinion. It is pleasant to think that great men have lived and done great deeds, and it appears pure vandalism to strike thus at the roots of the world's worship, to doubt its emblems of virtue. Can it be that William Tell, the valiant Switzer—who shot the apple from his son's head, and boldly hid a second arrow for the tyrant Gesler—is as mythical a personage as King Arthur and his Round Table of errant knights? Must we doubt the romantic story of Romulus and Remus, the valiant fight of the Horatii, the grand sacrifice of Virginius, and many another rare Roman tradition?

Richard III. was not of the color which Shakspeare has painted him, Queen Mary not half so black as she appears in the Protestant annals, nor Luther as the Catholic records would have him. Carlyle gives a more acceptable picture of Cromwell than that hitherto offered; yet in his indiscriminate hero-worship deifies more than one eccentric son of Genius. Later we have the romantic story told of himself by Captain John Smith shrewdly questioned, and the deeds and fate of Joan of Arc brought to the touch-stone of doubt. The age we live in sits like a chemist at his crucible, throwing in the past, bit by bit, and putting all history to the severest tests. Ah! that it would shut those terrible eyes which can see only flaws and imperfections, or open them wide enough fully to discern fact and expose error.

The earth does not grow demigods, though men of great physical or mental stature are apt, like Hercules and all that crew of mighty pagans, to be deified, their faults forgotten, their virtues emblazoned. We see their deeds only, and these looming larger and larger through the mist of time; their motives are lost forever, and without the motives we know not the man. A true biography will deal largely in thoughts, plans, and motives, for deeds are frequently an inextricable mixture of design and accident, and a soldier's reputation may be made or marred by the movements of a chance over which he has no control. It may need greater genius to discriminate between chance and design than to fight battles; success is apt to blind us all to the helping hand of circumstance: and only when we find a great man thanking Providence for its aid, or like Napoleon I. depending on his star, can we know that he has doubts as to his own supreme ability.

The present Napoleon has a mixed record, and one open to various interpretations. The Italian war ended with a vague dread in Europe that a greater than his uncle had arisen, a nephew who knew both how to win and when to stop, too wise to overmuch humble a foe or aggrandize a friend, knowing that in this mutable world foes may become useful, friends prove faithless. The Crimean war ended with a strong suspicion that England had been made the tool of a shrewd diplomatist, who had used the paws of the British lion to pull his chestnuts out of the fire. By dint of taciturnity and oracular utterances, full of a vague meaning which no one could interpret, balancing himself as adroitly as a gymnast on the unsteady level of European politics, he has managed to keep the surrounding nations in a ferment of expectation. But the shrewdest, if he depends on policy to the exclusion of principle, may overreach himself, and the world is rapidly coming to the opinion that it may be a very small fire from which all this smoke arises. Recent events have hastened this conclusion. He attempted to keep one foot on the neck of Italy under the guise of protector, forgetting that a recently manumitted people would not tamely bear to have a link of its chain held ever before its eyes. He sought to assume the guise of protector of a weak monarchy in Mexico, failing to perceive the vigor of the American government, counting on the downfall of the great Western Republic. He would have negotiated with Bismarck for a share of the spoils, but while amusing himself with speculations on the natural boundaries of France, the energetic Prussian ended his war, pocketed Germany, and left his would-be ally out in the cold.

The French people are impatient of military failure. Blunders for which a parliament may be forgiven will not be excused in a military emperor. All is not quiet in France. There are hard thoughts and open utterances. Bold men are picking holes in the whole policy of Napoleon, exposing cobwebs where all seemed cloth of iron. Policy may serve for a time. Principle is the only stuff that has gold in its grain, and will wear brighter by all the attrition of time and circumstance. The present sentiment of the statesmen of France is perhaps most wittily and boldly displayed in the recent bon mot attributed to Prince Napoleon: "Napoleon has deceived France twice; in 1848 by making her believe him a fool; in 1866 by making her believe him a genius."

INFORMATION WANTED.

MR. EDITOR OF THE POST:—Will you be so kind as to inform me, through the medium of the receipt column of your invaluable paper, the most economical substitute for raw or boiled oil to be used for mixing paints for store and house painting? AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

[Can any one answer the above query?—*Ed. Post.*]

OLD CHRIST CHURCH.—We have received a fine photograph of Christ Church—one of the oldest, if not the oldest church in this city. It was founded in 1695, in the reign of William the Second; and rebuilt in 1727. This photograph was taken from a model of the church, and is dedicated by the photographer, Mr. Hover, to the Rev. Dr. Dorr, the excellent and highly respected Rector. Published by J. E. Hover, 416 Race St., Philada.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ANNOUNCEMENT. Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., of New York, have issued a Prospectus of a Comprehensive Dictionary of the Bible. Mainly abridged from Dr. Wm. Smith's Dictionary of the Bible; with Important Additions and Improvements, and five hundred Illustrations.

Dr. Smith's Dictionary of the Bible, published in 1860–63, and containing, in its three large octavo volumes, nearly 3,200 pages, is a work of acknowledged excellence; but its size, cost, and scholarly character, must prevent any extensive circulation of it among the great mass of those who desire and need a Dictionary of the Bible. The "Comprehensive Dictionary," on which nearly two years of editorial labor have already been expended, owes its origin to a settled conviction on the part of the Editor and Publishers, of the need of such a modified abridgement of the original work as should make the results of modern scholarship generally accessible.

The Editor, Rev. Samuel W. Barnum, M. A., is well known among the graduates of Yale College as an accurate and thorough scholar. His experience in 1845–'7, as the principal assistant of the late Prof. Goodrich, in the revision of Webster's Dictionary (unabridged and royal octavo editions), made him familiar with the details of lexicography; and his subsequent labors as an official expounder of the Scriptures, gave him a practical acquaintance with the wants of the people in the field of Biblical knowledge.

The Dictionary will be issued in semi-monthly numbers of 48 royal octavo pages each. The whole work will probably be concluded in about 22 numbers. Price of each number, in a neat paper cover, 30 cents.

THE RICH HUSBAND. A Novel. By Mrs. J. H. RIDDELL, author of "George Geith," "The Race for Wealth," &c. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

ECCE DEUS. Essays on the Life and Doctrine of Jesus Christ. With Controversial Notes on "Ecce Homo." Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; and also for sale by Smith, English & Co., Philadelphia.

THE NATIONAL QUARTERLY REVIEW. March, 1867. Published by E. I. Sears, New York. James K. Simon, Agent, 29 South Sixth street, Philadelphia.

MONTHLY REPORT OF THE DIRECTOR OF THE BUREAU OF STATISTICS, Treasury Department. Prepared by Alex. Delmar, Director, and published by the Treasury Department. This report includes tables of Imports and Exports, Current Prices of Labor, and other valuable statistics.

A WOMAN KILLED BY THE EXPLOSION OF A KITCHEN RANGE.—An accident, attended with fatal results, occurred, lately, near Brechin, Scotland. A servant had lit a fire in a range. The boiler had been empty, and, owing to the late frosts, the water in the feeding pipe was frozen, and an explosion took place. The whole of the range was torn out, the roof of the kitchen blown off, and the door and windows of the wing were destroyed. The woman was severely injured, and was thrown on the floor. Then her clothes caught fire, but she managed to get to the snow at the door, and roll herself in it so as to extinguish the flames. Some men, passing afterward, got assistance, and medical gentlemen were summoned from Brechin; but the woman died, a few days after.

☞ The Denver News understands that Fort Saunders, on Salt Lake road, this side of the North Platte, is blessed with a commander who exercises supreme control of matters in that region. He confiscates property, punishes offences committed by civilians, and the other day granted a divorce between man and wife.

☞ The hens of all kinds of gallinaceous fowls sit 21 days; ducks of the usual kind, such as Aylesbury, Rouen, and others, 28 days; geese 30 to 35 days; Guinea fowls, 28 to 30 days; turkeys, 28 days; peahens, 28 to 30 days.

☞ During the recent flood in Arkansas, a young man was drowned while trying to rescue his sister, who had taken refuge from the waters on the top of her house. He swam towards the house on horseback, but when almost within reach, the horse sank and both perished in her sight. She was rescued after remaining on the house three days.

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY COSMO.

POMP AND POVERTY—SINGULAR ASSOCIATIONS—VILLA ALMENDRAL—FRUITFUL AVENUES—BRILLIANT EQUESTRIANS—YANKEE SPANIARDS—A PALACE HOTEL.

At Tambobamba one finds him or herself continually wondering at everything, animate and inanimate—everything is an object of wonder. *First*, the city itself, if indeed it is entitled to the name of city, is a wonder.

Approaching from the north, we came to a community of houses, every alternate one of which was a Peruvian palace, and its next door neighbor a wretched hovel of bamboo basket work, daubed with mud, the roof of palm leaves, doors and windows, or shutters closing unglazed holes, were made of mats, and floors, where the bare ground did not serve such purpose, composed of bamboo pounded down flat and laid in parallel layers, making the surface resemble an immense wash board. The furnishing of all these huts was essentially the same, making the interior economy as close a resemblance as the exterior architecture. A fair inventory of household furniture in one of these lower order residences will serve for all, and show a list as follows:

A rough cradle, made of a section of overgrown bamboo, serving also to mix bread in and feed fowls out of. A bare earthen space in one corner, with half a dozen cobble stones in the centre to set cooking utensils on, an iron pot, two copper stew pans, four or five gourd shells, and a dozen or so red unglazed, dingy, greasy earthen pots to serve all purposes of eating, drinking and washing. That inventory completes the cooking corner. Around the walls are slung from two to twelve rude grass hammocks, according to the size of the family. Centrally located and occupying a third of the entire interior space, stands a curiously contrived ten-legged bamboo table, breast high to a six feet tall person, comfortably constructed to prevent dogs from dining *ad libitum* with the human portion of the family. Then there are four tall tubs, made of sections of largest bamboo—one, near the door, holding water for drinking, cooking, washing, &c.; two covered, in a corner, containing bread, meat, fruit, eggs and vegetables, mixed in promiscuously; the fourth tub standing conspicuously uncovered in the front space between the door and table, serving as a "save all" for every description of filth, as well as a common convenience in the way of water closet by night and day for the entire family, standing there openly on duty at all times, and emptied of its odorous contents when full to overflowing, and a last necessity compelled a removal of the domestic deposits. Comments are unnecessary. No great stretch of imagination is required to afford one a very correct conception of the pleasure of a visit to the interior of one of these hovels during a hot day, filled with all sizes and both sexes of humanity, dividing the small space with poultry, pigs, puppies—swarming with ticks, fleas, bugs, and that odious order of parasite, "gray backs," that forms so close an attachment to humanity and "sticketh closer than a brother;" and, most conspicuous among all, the great bamboo nosegay standing everlastingly in the fore front and offering always the first and warmest welcome.

Coming to the next door establishment we find it usually a tall two-storied structure of fine *adobe*, so artistically plastered over with a beautiful clear clay cement, that it looks very like pure Italian marble, and the whole front so elaborately wrought in filagree fancy work, that it more resembles a copy of Michael Angelo's miraculous "doors" than the surface of a simple adobe dwelling.

In front there are light artistic balconies of delicate bamboo work at each story, these ornamentally roofed and provided with latticed jalousies, that open and close like Venetian blinds, shutting out the sun, admitting the refreshing breeze, often perfumed with pungent ammoniacal odors from the *privados* in adjoining huts; salubrious 'tis said to those accustomed to it, but strongly suggestive of sneeze to the uninitiated. Within these balconies hang convenient hammocks, inviting a swinging smoke of the cigaretta and comfortable after dinner *siesta*.

The interiors of most of these aristocratic Peruvian palaces present a completeness of appointments rivalling in luxury that of the nabobs of Lima and Callao. Rich furniture of rare woods, in satin, damask and royal velvet, luxurious lounges, immense mirrors, paintings, many of them of much merit, books, music, flowers and beautiful singing birds in fancy gilded cages, make up in the aggregate a parlor paradise, so vividly in contrast with the squalid wretchedness on either hand, that wonder at such incongruities becomes a forced sensation.

This peculiar order of habitations lines both sides of two broad avenues about three-quarters of a mile in length, that cross at right angles two others of equal width, built up on both sides with *adobe* stables for the shelter of horses and other domestic animals, the property of the proprietors of the palaces. Along these last avenues there are no human habitations, though the stables are all infinitely superior to the mud huts so near neighbors to the aristocratic avenoodles.

A few inquiries soon solved us the riddle of this singular feature of South American Civilization. Originally the settlers of this queer four avenued city came from the Spanish Basque provinces, each one of the wealthy hidalgo families bringing with them, as man and maid servants, a poor family who had served in a like capacity at home, housing them in the manner we have seen conveniently beside them, so that they had all their in and outdoor servants dependently housed within call and hutted out by themselves. In the course of time these poor dependents became literally peons, gradually sinking lower and lower in the social scale, until in the present we find them absolute and abject slaves to their next door neighbors, utterly dependent upon them for everything but the air they breathed, and even that would be infinitely better supplied at second hand from their superiors.

These Basque nabobs were in every instance families of considerable wealth—sort of Peruvian millionaires, having most of them large sums invested in mining and mercantile operations, which brought in princely revenues.

The avenues were such only by courtesy, and their markings on either side by the lines of buildings being filled in along their entire length and breadth with a continuous forest of fruit and nut bearing trees, miscellaneously made up of peach, *pasaco*, plums, olives, orange, almond, figs and tamarinds, all in profuse bearing, presenting a wilderness of inviting shade and banquets of luscious, tempting fruits. The two broadways running north and south terminated abruptly at their southern extremities in a tangle of broad-leaved giant cactus, aloe, plantain and agave trees, all draped and wound up in *bejuka*, and vines of a dozen varieties of wild melons and gourds, making a mass of impenetrable jungle, among which gleamed in the bright sunlight the tin clad towers and domes of Tambobamba's cathedral and five pretentious churches, the nearest of which was a good league distant, though the singular Basque town was itself a suburb of the city, called, however, *Villa Almendral*, and separated from the city proper by three miles of wild jungle.

Between the two avenues was a well-beaten road, cut in unnecessary curved lines through the intervening brush wood; and along this route, after leaving the Almendral, we were riding at a lazy walk in promiscuous order, our bug hunter's bride, Arline Essling, Marsden and myself happening to be the leading platoon of the cavalcade, when we were brought to a sudden rein up at about half way between the suburb and the city.

Ambling at an easy canter down the road came a couple of equestrians, superbly mounted, and so picturesque in costume that we involuntarily drew up in admiration and waited their approach. One was a remarkably fine looking middle-aged man, very dark skinned even for a Spanish Peruvian, but handsome in features, graceful in action, and controlling his spirited horse with consummate address. His costume, somewhat fantastic, but pretty nevertheless, was a broad-brimmed beaver sombrero, black, looped up over the left eye, with a gold medallion set with jewels and bearing the arms of Peru. A broad gold band and green plume completed the ornamental work of the sombrero. The coat, or rather a hussar jacket, was of bright scarlet cloth, gold braided profusely on the breast and sleeves, and further ornamented with four rows of buttons of pure precious metal. A fine linen frilled bosom and lace ruffles at the wrists added a cavalier elegance to the upper outfit, while wide legged trowsers of fine green cloth, buttoned so closely down the outer seams with Spanish dollars, that the edges of the bright silver discs almost met, neat boots of buff leather and long silver spurs, with a broad crimson sash, heavily gold fringed and falling below the stirrup, gave to the handsome Don in his *tout ensemble* much the appearance of a Tartar prince, or a dandy *gaucho* of the La Plata pampas.

His companion, less fantastic but five times more fascinating, was a lovely, dark Hebe, young and exquisitely graceful, holding in perfect subjection the beautiful, bright black horse she rode *en caballiere*, with such easy abandon that a glance at her perfect *pose* made the superb equestrienne at once the envy and admiration of our dashing Di Vernons.

The lady's costume consisted of a very fine, broad-brimmed Panama hat, looped up over the left eye, gold banded and blue plumed like that of the cavalier. A crimson jacket, silver laced and buttoned, fitted her gracefully rounded form like a glove, and from beneath it fell in full folds to the knees a skirt of blue silk velvet buttoned and braided with silver, bright green pantaloons of glossy satin, daintily ruffled around the bottom with delicate lace, and a pair of neat red morocco boots set off with ornamental silver spurs, made up the outfit of the lovely senora, and made her an admiration point of every one as she gracefully drew up a few paces in front of the head of our halted column. The gentleman advanced nearer, saluted with a welcome "viva!" and then went on with an address:—

"Ladies and gentlemen, I am Don Auguste Felipe——Bah! Better begin *ship shape*—Capt.—Consul—Harry Marsden—my lad,—Have you quite forgotten your fellow townsman—the first skipper that you ever hauled a rope under?—Ha! ha! ha!—Don't remember Capt. Phillip Augustus Ford, and the saucy Saladin of Beverly, the first craft you ever put foot aboard of, eh?"

"Well—upon my word! I'll be blessed!" Capt. Harry Marsden shut off there and fell to shaking both hands of his first commander and fellow townsman from "Bean Town," Mass. But Capt. Phillip A. Ford, ex-commander of the Saladin, shook off his old friend, and seeing us all agape with wonder, went on to explain:—

"Been out here thirteen years, ladies and gentlemen. Had a fancy at home that my color was better suited to a South American than a Down East climate. So wife being willing, we all came round to Callao in the Saladin. Sold the brig to the Peruvian Government for just three times her value. That raise, with the four thousand dollars I had before, set me up snug in Callao in the ship chandlery line. Did first-rate at that for four years, and then did ten times better by happening to have it in my power to do Gen. Castilla some rather important service upon three occasions—and when the General came into supreme command of the armies of Peru, he remembered my service, and made a man of me by making me first a colonel of cavalry, then Commissary-General of the Republic, and so he kept on putting me up, until last year he got me up here as—General Auguste Felipe Ford, Provincial Dictator and Military Governor of Tambobamba. Pretty comfortable berth, and— Ah! I had forgotten. Ladies and gentlemen—permit me to present to you my oldest daughter—Alice—alias Dona Alicia Ford. Go, my dear—ride in and welcome all the ladies—tell them they must come home with us, and have a Yankee Spanish welcome. I'll persuade the gentlemen.

"You see, my friends, I knew you were spending a couple of days at Villa Almendral, and learned also that Col. Essling and my ex-cabin-boy here—Consul Marsden were of your party. So this morning when some one told me that you were a mind to take the road direct from Villa Almendral to Ariquipa, without coming our way, I said—'Come, Alice—daughter—let us ride over, capture the party and bring them in. So you see you will have to surrender, rescue or no rescue."

That alternative was apparent enough, for long before our Yankee-Peruvian general had finished his speech Dona Alice had won every woman of them to her will, and they were all eagerly waiting the word to ride.

No one was much surprised by the advent of our cavalcade into Tambobamba, as all had heard of our being at Villa Almendral, but armed and equipped as we were, and the fame of our free female riders, and how they had traversed half the length of the Andean Range on horseback, having reached these interior Peruvians, our appearance excited in them quite as much curiosity as did their singular city and their own peculiar manners and customs in us. There was little opportunity afforded either party, however, for the very intimate indulgence of our mutual curiosity, as respect for the august authority of the Governor-General kept the main mob from a near approach, and the impatience of our host to have us home with him, introduced to his wife and family, and prepared for dinner, the hour for which was approaching, so hurried us on that we had brief space of time to make observations.

It was certainly a wholesale affair of hospitality—the invitation to such a party as ours to feed, lodge, and entertain them all under one roof. But there was ample room in the *Palacio National*, occupied by our military friend as his executive mansion; provisions of all kinds were cheap and abundant; the servant staff was a strong one, we turned our cooks and all in to assist; and as we carried our own sleeping accommodations there was no inconvenience to any one.

The wife of General Ford we found a handsome matronly woman, almost as dark in complexion as her husband, and the children—five younger than Alice—three sons and two daughters, ranging along downwards from fifteen to five years, all well bred, good-looking, and inheriting as they all did the dark skin and brilliant black eyes, with the glossy black hair of both parents, no one would ever have suspected them to be of North American parentage, and the four eldest of New England birth. Indeed the whole family, parents and children, were as perfect types of the handsome better class Spaniards of Granada in Old Spain of mingled Moorish decent, as any of us had ever seen anywhere. The children all spoke pure Castilian too as well as English, while in the Spanish of the General there was only a slight accent that would have marked him as a Catalan provincial.

Mrs. Ford herself had only acquired so much Spanish as to make her conversation in that language musically amusing; but she had added all the true Spanish woman's grace of manner to her own New England honesty and native goodness of heart, and the warm, sisterly welcome we received at her hands assured us beyond all doubt, that during whatever period we might spend beneath her roof we should be entirely at home. So introduced and welcomed, we went to dinner with our countryman, General Auguste Felipe Ford—Provincial Dictator and Military Governor of Tambobamba.

Shade Trees.

The shade trees about our houses have done something to make our wives pale and feeble. Is it not enough that our women should have placed between them and the great fountain of light and life six inches of brick wall without the addition of twenty feet of green leaves?

Trees ought never to stand near enough to our houses to cast a shade upon them; and if the blinds were removed, and nothing but a curtain within, with which to lessen, on the hottest days, the intensity of the heat, it would add greatly to the tone of our nerves and our general vigor.

The piazzas which project over the lower story always make that inferior to the upper story, especially for sleeping. During my professional career, I cured a great many cases of rheumatism by advising the patients to leave a bedroom shaded by trees, or a broad piazza, and sleep in a room and a bed which were constantly dried and purified by the direct rays of the sun.—*Dio Lewis.*

[Doubtless there is considerable truth in the above, and yet all animals—man included—instinctively seek the shade in a hot summer day. Besides, vigor does not altogether depend upon the sun, or else the natives of the torrid zone would surpass in strength those of the temperate, instead of being generally not only weaker, but less ruddy.—*Ed. Sat. Eve. Post.*]

Sun Painting in Oil.

At a late meeting of the British Inventors' Institute, a Mr. Pouncy, of Dorchester, read a paper on "Sun Painting in Oil Colors," and exhibited various specimens of photographing by a system he recommended. The photographic prints exhibited were on paper, canvas, panels, copper, &c. In the course of some remarks, Mr. Pouncy described the various manipulations connected with the process, explaining them as he proceeded. The sensitive medium used is bitumen of Judea, dissolved in turpentine, benzole, or other hydrocarbon, with which is ground up oil color of any desired tint. The pasty mass is then brushed over a thin sheet of translucent paper and dried in the dark. When dry, the sheet is exposed under a photographic negative to daylight or a strongly actinic artificial light, which hardens or renders insoluble those parts to which the transparent parts of the negative have permitted access of light. After some minutes' exposure to light, the picture is washed in turpentine, benzole, or any other solvent of bitumen. This dissolves those portions which have not been affected by the actinic rays, leaving the remainder firmly attached to the paper, in quantity proportional to the amount of light which penetrated the different parts of the negative. The picture is now complete, and may be transferred, as in the lithographic process, to cardboard, canvas, wood, stone, &c.

A Sample of Stage Slang.

What queer language is used in theatrical advertisements! For instance, only look at this:—

WANTED, to Open Immediately, a Few Useful UTILITY LADIES and GENTLEMEN; also a Good Juvenile to combine Walking Gentleman. A Good Private Appearance Indispensable. Money sure. To save time, state Lowest terms. No stamp. Three days' silence a negative. Stars may write at once. Mr. H. L. will oblige by sending Script at once for Easter week's Bus.

"Useful utility" seems rather a redundancy of speech, as much indeed as talking of black negroes, or white snow. And how is "a good juvenile to combine walking gentlemen?" Is he to come behind them slyly, and pin their coat-tails together? If so, we should be apt to call him a bad boy, rather than a good juvenile. Then, how odd it seems to stipulate for a "good private appearance" in an actor, and say nothing whatever about his public appearance, which certainly must be the more important of the two. As to what on earth is meant by "sending script for Easter week's bus," our wits have been so much congealed by the cold winter, that we own we are completely at a loss to give a guess.—*London Punch.*

☞ The course of true love is a race-course where there is often a false start.

The Paris Hotels.

Unlike American hotels, those in Paris have no direct entrance from the street; no spacious corridors and apartments in which gentlemen may lounge and smoke, and stare at pretty women on the sidewalk. The carriage containing the guest to the Hotel du Louvre is driven under an arch into the large, square court-yard, flanked on all sides by the hotel itself. This court-yard is covered over on a level with the roof of the buildings with glass, so as to admit the light, while it keeps out the rain.

On the ground floor, and opening upon the sidewalk of the court-yard, are various offices in which the business of the hotel is transacted. The visitor is landed at the arrival office, where he engages his apartments. He calls for a room, and is asked upon what floor he desires it, the stories being counted from what we call the second. The higher up he goes, the cheaper the rate, which is certainly more just than paying the same price for a room in the eighth story as for one in the second. A boy shows the guest to his room on the floor indicated. Even in the third story—our fourth—the apartments are spacious and elegantly furnished. Each of them has a marble mantel and a very large window. The carpet is Brussels or Turkey; the mirror is five or six feet high; the chairs are mahogany with stuffed seats; the bed has expensive draperies; in short it is better furnished than most American hotels on the first and second floors.

Hanging up in his room the guest will find a list of rules and regulations, which includes the price of the room he has taken. One on the third floor, looking out upon the Palace of the Louvre and the Rue Rivoli, is five and a half francs, and service one and a half francs, or seven francs per week. On each floor there are several "bureaux," or offices, at which the visitor leaves his key, or applies for anything wanted.

If the guest next wants a bath, he will find it in the house. Before the water is let in, the inside of the tub is covered with a clean linen cloth, so that the bather does not come in contact with the dirt or disease of him who last used the apparatus. If he wants soap he calls for it, is charged a franc for it, and carries it off with him if he likes.

Attached to the hotel is a restaurant and an immense dining-hall, the latter being used only for the table d'hote. When the guest seats himself at one of the small tables in the restaurant, the waiter brings him a printed blank and pencil. He writes on the card his name, the number of his room, and what he wants to eat or drink. This order is sent to the office, and from it his bill is made out. If there is any dispute about the amount, this order is produced.

The only public apartment exorpt the eating-rooms is the reading-room, which is large and richly finished, and furnished in the most elegant style. From this room open the restaurant and dining-room, the latter of which is very spacious, and in the style of the grand saloon of the Palace of Versailles. The table d'hote is at five o'clock, and in busy times from five hundred to a thousand people sit down at the tables. The visitor buys a ticket in the reading-room for his dinner, or gives his order for one, and is admitted to the dining saloon as he would be to the theatre. The price for the dinner is seven francs—about one dollar and forty cents—which includes all the common claret wine the diner wishes to drink.

Little or nothing is placed upon the table. Soup is given to all; then the waiters pass round with fish, the guests helping themselves from the dish. The other items of the bill of fare are passed in like manner to all, so that a person literally eats through the course, the time employed being about an hour. But the sojourner in Paris can get a better dinner, at half the price and with half the formalities, in the ordinary restaurants of the city.

The Date Palm.

The Date Palm at an early period of history must have engaged man's attention in an eminent degree. It grows, to begin with, in a tract of country where atmospheric moisture of any kind is so scanty that its leaflets, unlike those of other Palms, are constructed so that at their base they form little receptacles, and thus catch every drop of moisture. It has no branches like other trees, or as the Gingerbread Palm (Hyphœne thebaica,) with which it is occasionally associated. It has several features in common with man which no explanation could remove from the minds of primitive people. Its body is covered with hair, like the body of man; its head, once cut off, would no more grow again than that of a human being; the male and female are represented by different trees, and it is well known that the female would die an old maid unless some bachelor should take compassion on her. Add to this that the whole population at that time relied upon dates as their staple food, as is still the case in those countries. Moreover, take into consideration that impression produced upon an unimaginative people, when after travelling for days in dry, dusty, waterless deserts, with nothing in sight but gray drifting sands and skeletons of animals perished on the road, they suddenly entered a grove of Date Palms, affording water, shade, fuel, food, and repose. They must have been made of stern material if all this had made no lasting impression upon them. As they lay under the trees and saw the evening breeze gracefully playing with the feathery leaves which formed bold arches over them, gilt by the last rays of the setting sun, and soon to be silvered by the rising moon—a forcible appeal must have been made to the religious element of their composition, and these Palm groves must have appeared to them places peculiarly suited for the purposes of worship. And such indeed was the case. Palm groves, and those of the Date in particular, were deemed peculiarly sacred. As civilization advanced, and regular temples were built, the architect naturally took for his type, what must ever have been associated with his religious feelings—the Palm grove.—*Gardener's Chronicle.*

☞ A recent lecturer tells of a London cabman with whom he conversed, who had never heard of Cobden or Washington, but who knew all about "Jack Heenan, who was walloped by Tom Sayers."

☞ In 1859, inquiry showed that the cost of maintaining a Greenwich pensioner for one year was £39 6s. 11d., while at the Paris *Invalides* each inmate cost but £31 16s. 2d. The English Government at once demanded reform, which had such effect that the cost is now £114, or nearly double what it was in 1859.

☞ Near Philadelphia lives a hale and hearty man, possessed of the most sensitive feelings. When his wife goes into the yard and saws wood for half a day, he sits by the fire with tears in his eyes.

Evils of the Sewing-Machine.

The sewing-machine has proved itself a blessing to society in a thousand ways; but its use, like the use of every thing else, can be made a source of much physical suffering to the operator. The Boston Medical and Surgical Journal furnishes some startling information with respect to the injurious results of constant work on this convenient instrument:—

"A French physician, M. Guibout, says: 'A young women, whom he had known as the very picture of vigorous health, presented herself at his office in such a condition of emaciation, and with such a change of countenance, that he was greatly shocked at her appearance. The explanation which she gave was as follows: For seven months, from morning till night, she had been working upon a sewing-machine, known as the "American machine." The constant motion of the lower extremities in propelling it had produced such weakness that she was often compelled to suspend her work; and to the frequency of this effect and the fatigue resulting from it, she attributed the loss of strength and flesh from which she was suffering.'

"During the past year, he goes on to say, he found in the hospital of Saint Louis three similar cases; and during the present year he had already found five in the same hospital. He also adds that within a month two females, entirely unknown to each other, and working in different shops, called upon him the same day, to consult him for similar symptoms. The first of these, a blonde, in the most vigorous health when she began to work at the machine, in seven or eight months had become enfeebled, her general health had declined, and she had become the subject of a membraneous irritation which was daily increasing. She said, also, that many of the girls in the same establishment were affected in the same way, by the same cause, 'the continual movement of the lower limbs, the jar and the swaying of the body,' and that many of them had been so annoyed as to be obliged frequently to suspend their work and leave the shop for a time.

"The second of these two patients was a brunette, of entirely different temperament from the other. She had been obliged to give up her place after working at the machine for a year, on account of the same symptoms. To the inquiry as to any local excitement produced by it, she answered in the affirmative. To translate her own words: 'Among 500 women who worked with me, there were at least 200 who suffered as I did; so that the operatives were constantly changing, none of them being able to stay long. It is a constant going and coming of women, who enter strong and well and who go out weak and emaciated.'"

Ladies, do not drive the sewing-machine too hard. Moderate use proves it a blessing; too frequent use will make it a curse, so far as health is concerned.

☞ An English nobleman has suspended a musical bell on the neck of all his cows, each bell tuned to a different note of the scale, and the whole ringing through several octaves. A visitor to his farm is charmed by the music. Sometimes he hears several notes in unison, then a slight discord, and then a sweet harmony, all varied by distance and by the rising and falling of the breeze.

☞ The West Virginia Legislature is considering the propriety of requiring all editors to take the oath. Don't put any superfluous laws on your statute-books, gentlemen. If the duties of his profession don't make an editor swear, laws will be powerless.—*Exchange.*

☞ A French woman said of Sardou, the dramatist; "If he were as gifted as he is ugly, he would be the greatest genius in Paris."

☞ How long must a sailor follow the sea to overtake it?

☞ An actress, connected with one of the theatres, a great favorite, was complimented upon the blackness of her hair. "Why, it is dyed," she replied with the amiable frankness of the true artist. "Dyed," replied the other speaker, "why, favorite as you are, you are not five-and-twenty." "No," said the lady, "but you know whom the gods love, dye young."

☞ Men toil every day that they may be enabled to eat, and eat every day that they may be enabled to toil.

☞ Baltman, secretary to an insurance company not considered too safe, having a handsomely furnished office, it was remarked to him that his room was better than his company.

☞ Wendell Phillips and ex-Governor Horatio Seymour are announced to speak together at a Free Trade meeting in New York, in a few weeks.

☞ The culture of wine in Ohio is profitable. That State has 7,000 acres planted with grape, and the yield of the vines for 1866 was two and a half millions of pounds of grapes, and 237,000 gallons of wine.

☞ Mrs. Partington says that when she was young, "gals were innocent, unconfiscated creatures; now they are what the French call 'blazes.'"

☞ The man who shows no defect is a fool or a hypocrite, whom we should mistrust. There are defects so bound to fine qualities, that the latter announce them, and it is not well to correct them.

☞ MOVING EASTWARD.—According to a statement in the Wisconsin Farmer the Colorado potato bug is moving eastward at the rate of twenty-five to thirty miles a year. The line of march, somewhat crescent shaped, had reached Madison, Wis., last summer. Dr. Fitch estimates the Eastern progress at fifteen miles per year.

☞ A Milwaukee paper tells a story of a terrier which attacked a rat at a grain warehouse in that city, a few days since; the rat squealed, the alarm was repeated by other rats near by, and in a moment a large swarm of rats surrounded the unfortunate dog, gave him battle, and although he made terrible havoc among them, ultimately killed and nearly devoured him.

☞ A Turin journal states that there is a family in that city, consisting of five persons, who, for the last year, have lived upon cat's flesh.

☞ The chaplain of the New York Assembly perpetrated the following pun in a prayer: "May men of principle be our principal men."

☞ A story is going the rounds, in New York fashionable circles, that a young gentleman and lady left a fashionable party up town, the other evening, got into a carriage together, drove to a clergyman's residence, were married, and afterward returned and danced the "German" together. We presume this is a "new figure."

☞ There's always one consolation, whatever our misfortune—it might be worse. Were life hanging on a thread, it would be a comfort to think that it was not hanging on a rope.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Unequalled Inducements.

Beautiful Premium Engraving.

The proprietors of the "eldest and best of the weeklies" offer unequalled inducements to those who favor the labor of making up clubs, as well as to those who remit, as single subscribers, the full subscription price.

A large and beautiful steel line engraving, 26 inches long by 20 inches wide, possessing all the softness and peculiar charm of Mezzotint, called

"One of Life's Happy Hours,"

will be sent *gratis* to every single ($2.50) subscriber, and to every person sending on a club. The great expense of this Premium will, we trust, be compensated by a large increase of our subscription list.

The contents of The Post shall consist, as heretofore, of the very best original and selected matter that can be procured—

STORIES, SKETCHES, ESSAYS,

ANECDOTES, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, RECEIPTS, NEWS, LETTERS, from the best native and foreign sources, &c., &c., &c.

NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

The Post is exclusively devoted to Literature, and therefore does not discuss political or sectarian questions. It is a common ground, where all can meet in harmony, without regard to their views upon the political or sectarian questions of the day.

TERMS.

Our terms are the same as those of that well-known magazine, The Lady's Friend—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:

One copy (with the large Premium Engraving) $3.50
1 copy of The Post and 1 of The Lady's Friend and one engraving, - - - - 4.00

OUR SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM.

We still continue our offer of a Wheeler & Wilson's No. 3 Sewing Machine, such as Wheeler & Wilson sell for $55.00, to any one sending on a list of 30 subscribers at $2.50 each. We will also send this Machine on the old terms of twenty subscribers and sixty dollars (that is, ten dollars in *addition* to the amount of the subscription price) if desired. And we will send any of the higher priced Wheeler & Wilson's Machines, if the difference in price is also remitted. Every subscriber on the above Premium lists will receive, in addition to his magazine or paper, a copy of the large Premium engraving, "One of Life's Happy Hours." The regular club subscribers do not receive this engraving, unless they remit one dollar extra for it.

The Papers or Magazines will be sent to different Post-Offices when desired.

Remittances.—In remitting, name at the top of your letter, your post-office, county, and state. If possible, procure a post-office order on Philadelphia. If a post-office order cannot be had, get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
No. 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

☞ Specimen copies will be sent postpaid on the receipt of five cents.

SONG.

The butterfly may hover
Where gold-eyed daisies grow,
And round and round the clover
The drunken bee may go;
But the strong-winged bird flies over
And leaves them there below.

The wind may keep on bringing
Sweet sounds to the leaves that sigh,
The brook may join his singing
To the cricket's merry cry;
But the strong bird's song is ringing
Above them in the sky.

A Mother's Grave.

There is a tender pathos in the following incident from the North British Mail. It suggests the sad thought that many a home is made utterly desolate by a mother's death, and that children are often ruined by the loss of her comforting and restraining love:—

Some gentlemen passing through the beautiful village of Renton, in the Vale of Leven, Dumbartonshire, about nine o'clock at night, some time ago, had their attention directed to a dark object in the churchyard. On going in to ascertain what it was, they found a boy of tender years lying flat on his face, and apparently sound asleep over a recently made grave. Thinking this not a very safe bed for him, they shook him up, and asked how he came to be there. He said he was afraid to go home, as his sister, with whom he resided, had threatened to beat him.

"And where does your sister live?" asked one of the party.

"In Dumbarton," was the answer.

"In Dumbarton—nearly four miles off; and how came you to wander so far away from home?"

"I just cam'," sobbed the poor little fellow, "because my mither's grave was here."

His mother had been buried there a short time before, and his seeking a refuge at her grave in his sorrow was a beautiful touch of nature in a child who could scarcely have yet learned to realise the true character of that separation which knows of no reunion on earth. Thither had he instinctively wandered to sob out his sorrows, and to moisten with tears the grave of one who had hitherto been his natural protector, for he had evidently cried himself to sleep.

☞ A brother and sister who had not met for fifty-five years, lately had a reunion dinner near New London, Butler county, Ohio. The knives and forks used on the occasion were forty-eight years old; the chairs fifty-one years of age; the tea-cups, saucers, plates, &c., thirty years old. The turkeys were carved with a knife forty-eight years of age; but the fowls themselves, we believe, were not correspondingly venerable.

Eloquence.—A Buffalo paper has the following: "We know of one enterprising Western representative who bought twenty-five dollars' worth of written eloquence in aid of a railroad grant, and who circulated it at home with such acceptance that he was rewarded by a credulous people with a U. S. Senatorship."

PASSING THY DOOR.

O! 'twas the world to me,
Life, too—and more!
Catching a glimpse of thee,
Passing thy door.

Faint as an autumn leaf,
Trembling to part;
So in that moment brief
Trembled my heart.

Nothing I saw but thee,
Nothing could find;
Vision had fled from me,
Lingering behind.

How I had passed along,
How found my way,
Lightless amidst the throng,
Love only could say.

How I had moved my feet
I never knew;
I had seen nothing sweet
Since I'd seen you.

O! 'twas the world to me,
Life, too—and more!
Catching a glimpse of thee,
Passing thy door.

Female Education in Germany.

When I first went to Germany it was with the expectation of finding in every tenth woman an uncrowned Corinna, and in every twentieth a silent Sappho; and when I say silent, I mean it simply in the same sense as the poet who spoke of "mute inglorious" Miltons. It is true I did not seek my Corinnas at the Capitol, nor my Sapphos at Lesbos, since a cruel fate compelled me to turn my steps to remoter Northern regions, where the climate and the social peculiarities of the people were such, that it at once became evident to me the classic creatures I sought could not by any possibility exist in those monotonous coasts. I found much hospitality, considerable wealth, singular prejudices, and an amount of conservatism and aristocratic exclusiveness such as to strike one as being infinitely comic in these nineteenth-century days. But my Corinnas and my Sapphos I found not, nor did I indeed, seeing the physiology of the country, expect to find them. I consoled myself with the thought that, as I was not condemned to drive all my life in eccentric vehicles, behind four "fox-colored" horses, over impossible roads, nor pledged to consume smoked geese, liver-sausages, and sauerkraut to the end of my days, I might accept the interlude with philosophy, and enjoy my sojourn in that corn-growing country as much as the nature of things in general would allow.

But the times of "peace and plenty," of shampooing drives and plethoric repasts came to an end, and I made "mes malles," and departed from those shores with a certain sense of repletion, the fulness of which clings to me yet. My time was come, and amidst much kissing of the dexter and sinister cheek, and many banquets, I departed, not without some regret (for I had found a kindly people, honest if not brilliant, and friendly if not precisely amusing), but with yet more pleasing anticipations of what was in store for me.

It was perhaps an unjust thing on my part to have preconceived any notions at all of the people and country to which I was going, but that I had conceived very strong ideas I cannot deny. I was possessed with a sort of Teutomania, all the more unaccountable because I did not know a word of the language, and had never, to my knowledge, come in contact with any natives of the country I so much, and so blindly, admired, if I except a German governess who had kept guard over us on half-holidays at school, with a bird's-nest on the top of her head in the shape of hair, a white linen pocket-handkerchief tied round her neck by way of a collar, and knitted cotton stockings which she displayed liberally in her walks abroad, as she had a weakness for square-toed shoes tied on with pieces of narrow black ribbon, which I am told are technically termed "sandals."

Thus my only German acquaintance can scarcely be said to have justified my preconceived notions as to my fair Saxon sisters. I had read (surreptitiously, I am free to confess), a translation of the "Sorrows of Werther;" but having already Thackeray's immortal verse by heart, the aroma of the greater poet's conception was lost to me, and with the rashness of youth I had adopted our great humorist's view of the bread-and-butter-cutting proclivities of Mrs. Charlotte, and had not therefore found my stolen fruit quite as sweet as I had expected it to be. I had read a translation of Schiller's "Bride of Messina," and of Fouque's works; I was acquainted with Grimm's fairy tales (as what English child worth salt to its porridge is not?) and I had even looked into Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister," but not being able to find out any story, and the whole thing mystifying me unpleasantly, I had returned the volume to its bookshelf, and consoled myself with a translation of Schiller's "Cabal und Liebe." Thus I think it may fairly be said that my previsions were innate, of themselves, and not owing to any special influence from without.

And let me here observe that, when speaking of female education in Germany, I mean less the amount of knowledge, positive and abstract, theoretical, and real, instilled into the minds of her young girls and women, than the general and determining outer influences which help to form their character and to make them what they are. Let me also say that I do not speak of the "upper Ten," as we understand that mystic number, but that I speak of the great majority which forms the nation. I speak, also, of Northern and Central Germany, and not of Austria or the more southern parts; for the difference between a Viennese and a Hanoverian is almost as marked as that between a French and an English woman.

In large towns, such as Berlin, Dresden, Hamburg, there are, of course, circles and drawing-rooms where the talk, the dress, the manners, are cosmopolitan. This is the result of a conflux of foreigners of every nation—the various elements being fused together into a sort of social mosaic, harmonious as a whole, though differing widely in detail: men of position and wealth; women who have seen the world, and are tolerant, *facile* in their conversation, elegant in their toilets, and most agreeable in their pretty, brilliant talk, which is gay without being laboured, and lively without being illnatured. Of such as these I do not speak. It has been said that Paris is France; and I believe that this statement may be taken as substantially true. London is not England; nor do I think that even the marvellous powers of absorption shown by Prussia can pretend that *Berlin* is Germany. And it is of Germany and German women that I now would fain speak; not of Prussia or the fair Berlinese, but rather of the inhabitants of those smaller and much-despised "tin-pot states," with their charming little Residenz-towns and old-world notions.

Some verses arise in my mind (written, I believe by a distinguished member of one of our universities) which would well describe my journey from that plethoric land of which I have spoken to that more intellectual land whither I journeyed with such fond anticipations:

"And onward through those dreary flats
They move, with scanty space to sit on,
Flanked by stout girls in steeple hats
And waists that paralyze a Briton.

"By many a tidy little town,
Where tidy little Fraus are knitting.
(The men's pursuits are lying down,
Smoking perennial pipes, and—spitting.)"

The "stout girls in the steeple hats" did not so specially afflict me, nor did their waists, though undoubtedly thick, cause me any acute emotion; it was a detail, and though from an artistic point of view, not a specially pleasing one, yet I should have scorned to confess that my British faculties were in any way "paralyzed" by this physical phenomenon. But at length I came to my "tidy little town," where the "tidy little Fraus were knitting," and little did I then dream that those three other ugly old maids were weaving my destiny in such a way that I should have ample opportunities of studying not only the tidy little town and the tidy little *Fraus*, and the knitting of the same, but also to contemplate at my leisure the "men's pursuits,"—of "lying down, smoking perennial pipes, and"—oh, ye gods, that I should have to chronicle it here!—"spitting!" But the truth must be spoken.

We had a Grand Duke and a Grand Duchess at K——, and we had a diplomatic corps, and an army, and two or three generals, staggering under orders and decorations; we had a theatre, and a Kur-Garden, where people walked up and down, and drank poisonous waters in summer: the ladies in frilled (night-) caps, mushroom straw hats, and morning wrappers; the men in a miscellaneous costume, incapable of portrayal. We had coffee-gardens at K——, where the Grand-Ducal band played on summer afternoons, and where the whole population appeared to be military, so close and regular was the attendance of all the young officers on those occasions. Of course we could not have an "upper ten *thousand*" at K——, nor even an upper ten hundred; but we had an upper fifty or so, who all wrote *Von* before their names, sat on the *adelige* (or noble) side of the theatre, considered (and were even snobbish enough to call) themselves the "*haute volée*," and gave the tone, such as it was, to society.

A German girl comes into the world with two original sins,—the vice of coffee-drinking and an indisposition to take exercise. A German baby is a piteous object; it is pinioned and bound up like a mummy in yards of bandages, which are unfolded once (at the outside twice) a day; it is never bathed, but I suppose is sometimes washed in some occult manner. Its head is never touched with soap and water until it is eight or ten months old, when the fine skullcap of encrusted dirt which it has by that time obtained is removed by the application of various unguents. Many German ladies have assured me that the fine heads of hair one so often sees in Germany are entirely owing to this skullcap.

When, having some juvenile relatives staying with me, I insisted on their being "tubbed," all my female friends were shocked at my ignorance and wilfulness, and assured me that it was simply owing to our barbaric bath-system that the King of Hanover had lost his sight. "My friends, we are not all blind," I said, and then they were silenced, though not convinced. To this terrible system of bandaging, combined with a potato and coffee diet, do I attribute in a great degree the number of curved spines, crooked shoulders, and abnormal developments that one meets with in Germany. As little girls grow older, they have their coffee like their elders, and by degrees form a number of acquaintances of their own age, with whom they have daily meetings, so that society is a large ingredient of juvenile life. Then comes the time for going to school. With little knapsacks on their backs, containing books, slate, &c., whole gangs of little students are to be seen walking through the streets, always chattering, and generally with apples, bread, or cakes, to distribute and consume, making in this way friends or enemies. This continues until a girl is grown up. On holidays the children meet together and play; there seems no idea that these little brothers and sisters should suffice for each other, with the occasional excitement of a "party." All the little sayings and jealousies, all the little spites and resentments, are thus kept up during a long course of years, and the daily gossip becomes almost a necessity of life. A child is seldom sent to another town to school; the extra expense of board and lodging is a serious item, and the Germans are proverbially a frugal people. Thus, even in the holidays, there is no change; the children do not, as with us, "come home" from school; they are at home; they only have more time for the discussion of their little spites and jealousies, more coffee-drinking, more gossip, and more liberty.

As time goes on, and the little girl buds into early maidenhood, this passing to and fro through the public streets, has serious disadvantages; she becomes self-conscious, has a bowing acquaintance with her friends' brothers, and a system of coquetry is carried on which has no good influence on her character. I say coquetry advisedly, for it is not the "flirtation" we see amongst young people in our own country, beginning openly in fun, and ending in amusement; nor is it that sort of schoolboy love, which is at times so life-enduring, that the little fourteen year old Etonian with the club-foot ceases to be an object of ridicule in his all-absorbing passion for Mary Chaworth. Boys and girls never play together in Germany, as our boys and girls do; therefore the young Fraulein of fourteen who has a bowing acquaintance, and something perhaps more, with her friends' brothers, since they arrange to meet her on their way from college, or on her way to school, is conscious that these tacit arrangements are not allowed, are wrong, and to be enjoyed after the surreptitious manner of stolen fruit. She has had hitherto coffee and gossip, but now a fresh stimulant comes into her life; she ceases to be natural; she has the consciousness of something to conceal, and her eyes become less candid, and her gaze is not so fearless as it was.

And now comes the solemn rite of confirmation. I do not like to speak at length on this subject; but I have been pained beyond measure at the way in which this turning-point in a young life, this moment of enthusiastic resolves and passionate repentance, of ardent aspirations and humble regrets, is regarded (as a rule) in Germany.

The young girl goes to so-called confirmation classes. It is a sort of received idea amongst these young people that they shall then select an object (if they have not already done so) upon which to fix their affections, the youths who attend these classes claiming the like privilege. "I am going to have my visiting cards printed, Amalia," says one young girl, coming out of the confirmation lecture. "And mamma has promised me a new black silk for the confirmation-day, and a blue silk, made long and gored in the skirt, trimmed in each seam with velvet to match," says the other. "But there is Otho X—— and his cousin. Let us walk quickly down the Brunnen-Strasse, and we shall meet them there again before they cross the Schloss Garden."

And the day of confirmation comes. Not in white do these young creatures approach God's altar to swear fresh allegiance to their King, to register new vows of faith and obedience, and to be confirmed in all promises of holiness and goodness once made for them,—not in garments typical of innocence, but in black silk dresses and white kid gloves,—a sort of female Ethiopian serenader costume, with great bouquets in their hands, and pocket-handkerchiefs frilled with lace, and all the self-consciousness of being dressed for the first time in "allk attire." And then what follows? Not quiet hours amongst brothers and sisters, or by the mother's side; not happy moments of silent communing with her own heart; but a succession of visitors, presents, cake and wine, exclamation or admiration at the toilets, congratulations on final emancipation from the "Du" of child into the "Sie" of young-ladyhood. In the afternoon a droschky is hired, and the confirmed young Christian is driven out to pay visits and show off her incongruous finery.

Thus the child grows into girlhood, the girl into maidenhood, and the maiden by degrees into young womanhood. Being now confirmed, she has the privilege of coming down in the morning in the universal cap, which often covers untidily arranged hair. If she is of a domestic turn, after swallowing several cups of coffee and a few rolls of white bread, she will go into the kitchen; here her time will be passed until eleven, when she will withdraw to her room, and spend an hour or more in dressing. At length *coiffée et habillée*, she is "at home," if any one should call; or should the day be fine she will perhaps walk with her favorite friend on the fashionable promenade, exchanging greetings with acquaintances and criticising the toilets of her female friends and enemies. Then comes dinner; and at three o'clock she will set off to her coffee-party. The afternoon will be spent in gossip: the last pieces at the theatre and the favorite actor will be discussed. At six o'clock the party will break up, as some of the young ladies are sure to be *abonnées*, in the theatre, that is to say, regular subscribers, and entitled to go once, twice, thrice, or more times a week to that temple of the Muses, according to the terms on which they have secured their tickets.

At the theatre they find themselves again amongst female friends and gossips, and scandal reigns supreme between the acts. At nine o'clock she comes home to tea; the father drops in from his club; the sons lounge in from the theatre or some other place of amusement. A good deal of cold meat, eggs, and bread and butter is then consumed; everybody is languid, and no one seems much disposed for conversation. By degrees they drop off one by one, and at half-past ten are all asleep. Girls have no out-of-doors amusements in Germany; no riding, no boating, no swimming, no croquet. They do not go for long country walks, no do they wear thick boots and waterproof clothes. They are so little accustomed to the society of young men, that if a gentleman is ordinarily civil they either imagine he is desperately in love with them, or conceive a romantic passion for him on the spot.

It is not the custom for young ladies to teach in Sunday-schools as it is with us,—to visit the poor and make garments for the needy. Nor is it the custom even for them to go to church. That some women go to church is not to be denied, and that some may visit the poor I am not prepared to refute, but that it is customary to do so, I am sorry to say is not the case.

The day passes in cooking, in dressing, in talking, perhaps in walking a little if the weather be fine, in dining, and coffee-drinking, in gossip and supping; but no outward token of religion graces any of these occupations or pastimes. Domestic servants seldom or never go to church, nor do masters and mistresses make it their business to see that they do so. Some masters and mistresses may so busy themselves, and some few servants may do as they are told, but the majority do not, and it is of the majority I now speak. They have one bugbear, these people without an object in life, and that is what they call *mode*, a monster between public opinion and Mrs. Grundy.

"I should like to sketch that picturesque old house," said I one day to a pretty young girl of sixteen who was walking with me.

"For heaven's sake do not speak of such a thing," she said; "people are not so emancipated here; *Sie wissen ja, es ist hier keine Mode.*"*

On another occasion, when I announced my intention of riding on horseback, a friend having offered me a quiet and well-trained horse, and my cousin and uncle having promised to accompany me, a kind old lady who was of the party, leant towards me and said,

"Do not do it, my dearest friend. It is bold; it is unfeminine, it is ungraceful, and *Sie wissen's ja, es ist hier keine Mode!*"

"But my uncle and my cousin are going to ride with me," I said, astonished at her energy of denunciation.

"Then they will say your cousin is in love with you."

"But he is not in love with me; he is dying for Fräulein Osterding, the girl with the heavy plaits of hair on the left hand (or bourgeois side) of the theatre."

"It matters not; here one does not ride, it is not our mode."

"When I grow rich," said a generous relative to me one day, in the presence of a young and beautiful widow,—"When I grow rich, Winnie, I'll make you a present of the prettiest pony-carriage I can find in London, and a couple of gray ponies, that you may drive yourself about."

* "Here such things are not the fashion."

"Thank you," I said, and laughed, for the prospect appeared to me so remote that I could not make my thanks very fervent.

When my generous relative left the room, "What a rude man he is," the beautiful widow said, "proposing that you should drive yourself, like a droschky coachman!"

"But it is what I like doing of all things in the world," I said; "and if I ever get my ponies I shall take you for a drive with me every day."

"You could not do it here," she said.

"Why not?"

"*Es ist ja keine Mode.*"

Thus I often came to pity those young German ladies, whose life is so restricted in all its amusements and pleasures. At the balls it was not much better: the division of the sexes could scarcely have been more strictly observed in a Puseyite church. Except just at the actual moment of dancing together, the young people seemed to come into no closer contact. The instant the dance was ended, the young cavalier would wheel right-about face, click his heels together, drop his arms in a lifeless manner by his side, and bow deeply to his partner, who would in turn smile, courtesy, and go off to find a seat for herself, or link her arm within that of some companion.

No gentleman calling at a house asks for the lady or mistress thereof,—he asks for the lord and master, and should that personage be at home, he goes into his *sanctum sanctorum* and probably smokes several cigars with him, and then departs, never having attempted to see any of his friend's female relatives. Should the master, on the contrary, not be at home, he deposits two (or more) cards with your servant as pledges of his friendship, and departs in the proud consciousness of having fulfilled his duties to society.

Years pass. The young girl is so very young no more. Her friends are beginning to be anxious; a suitable *parti* must be found. She has not much choice, poor thing. She must marry an officer or an employé high in office. This is no case of curates and croquet, of young barristers and toxophilate archery meetings, of Government clerks and a villa at Putney. Clergymen (Protestant clergymen) are, I regret to say, *nowhere* in German society, barristers (if there are such beings) impracticable, and Government clerks out of the question. Nevertheless, a marriage is arranged, but first there is the knotty point of the so-called "caution" to solve.

A "caution" in its Transatlantic sense must not here be presupposed. A "caution" in the Teutotechnical sense is the sum of fifteen thousand thalers, to be deposited in the Government funds (if the lover is a military man) by the contracting parties, in order that the widow, should her husband be killed in the service of his country, may have a sufficiency upon which to live "*standesgemass*," or in a manner befitting her rank. There are not, however, very many young couples who can deposit this sum. Thus what with money difficulties, and the scarcity of suitors from whom to choose, a young unmarried German lady has rather a hard time of it until certainty, in the shape of a "caution" of fifteen thousand thalers and matrimony, puts an end to her trials. The betrothal is even a grander affair than the marriage. The evening before the wedding a singular ceremony takes place; crockery is smashed; much coffee and cake is consumed; people arrive *en costume*, repeat original and appropriate, or borrowed and inappropriate verses, whilst they present their gifts. There is perhaps dancing, and certainly much talking; the ceremony on the whole is a splendid one, and the scene chiefly characterized by jubilant confusion, indiscriminate speechifying, and toasts of the pointedly-personal character.

Matrimony is surely the golden key to the celestial portals of liberty! To choose one's own dresses (subject to marital approval), to have one's coffee as strong as one likes, and not be stinted as to sugar, to go three times a week to the theatre with appropriate *variations de toilette*, to make one's self renowned as a *Hausfrau*,—what delights! And yet, and yet, who shall say that these delights shall suffice a female heart? There have been women who have not found it so; but these were uncomfortable souls. Of such misguided females let me keep silence; it is our duty ever to represent the best of its type.

We are accustomed to think that a woman reigns supreme in her own house,—that, let her lord and master be never so despotic in other matters, on domestic subjects he does not presume to speak nor to elevate his voice on matters of household arrangement. But then our men's pursuits are of a more active character than those to which I have already alluded as forming the staple occupations of a German gentleman. They have not so much time for observing and interfering; they are, as a rule, harder worked, and also, as a rule, "care for none of these things." Thus the tidy little Fraus have a somewhat hard time of it. They represent what they are not, for the master knows as much as (and often more than) the mistress, with this difference, that she meekly brings him all her experience, like a little prime minister, and he advises, and reprimands, and criticises, lying on his comfortable sofa, smoking the perennial pipe, and occasionally "spitting" by way of accompaniment to his dutiful wife's report. He knows all about the butter and dripping, swears if too much firewood is used, becomes abusive on the subject of sauerkraut, and tyrannical as to coals and candles, is tremendous on bacon, and awe-inspiring as to red-herrings. My fascinating friend, General Witzenstein, actually insulted his wife before me on account of too much soap having been used in the "great wash," and gave me a *catalogue raisonné* of all her shortcomings as a *Hausfrau* highly embarrassing to me, though I think she was too much used to it to feel it very acutely.

I have seen a word on small shops in low London neighborhoods which often recurred to my mind at K——: "Kitchen stuff." I am not aware of the precise nature of this mysterious article; but if I have not met with it in substance, I have least made its acquaintance in the spirit during long dreary hours of coffee at K——. Oh, the "kitchen-stuff" that was then talked! the wearisome wealth of detail, the prolific extravagance of example! It is not, perhaps, polite of me to call anything "*stuff*" which was talked by a bevy of fair creatures with towers of hair on the tops of their heads, and spotless Garibaldi muslin jackets; but truth compels me to say it was "stuff," and not only so, but "kitchen-stuff."

How odious was the conduct of Mr. Barchell towards the Honorable Wilhelmina Caroline Angelina Skeggs! And yet I have often found a certain solace in imitating that gentleman's ungenteel example, and muttering the above un-

flattering monosyllable between my teeth during one of those horrible *séances* endured from the early afternoon until the shades of dewy eve or the flicker of the early gas-lights would disperse the fair experts. A woman is no more mistress of her own house in Germany than you or I are masters of our fate (let Mr. Tennyson say what he may.) She is simply an upper servant; and her master knows so well the cost of everything, that her allowance would not admit of an extra cabbage, if she wanted it never so much, or a surreptitious egg, might her desire pancakewards be never so strong.

After a year's matrimony comes the customary baby. It is born, is swathed up, and has a huge peasant-girl *in loco parentis*. A mummy is not a thing to fondle, nor is a little stiff bundle of humanity (which you might stand up on end in the corner of the room without detriment to its arrangements) an object on which to lavish caresses. Thus the young mother is scarcely a mother at all; all the maternal functions being delegated to another. The baby does not lie on the floor, or crawl on to the hearth-rug, crowing and kicking and curling up its pink toes, and trampling with its chubby legs. It does not swarm up and about its mother's neck and bosom, finding it's little life and all its tiny pleasures in her arms; it does not at length fall into a sleep of lazy rosy repletion, and with its little mouth open slumber away like the satisfied, beautiful little animal it is. No; it is out walking, tied to a featherbed, and accompanied by a tall soldier, the father of its poor little foster-sister, which is to grow up as it can. It comes in presently, and is taken to its mamma to kiss; but its real mother, the mother that fosters it, carries it away again, and usurps all the privileges of maternity for the rest of the day. Thus the "tidy little Frau" has plenty of time for that "knitting" of which the poet has made mention in his song.

Her husband goes to his club every afternoon after he has had his *siesta*, and taken his coffee; and whilst there he reads the newspapers and plays several rubbers (pronounced "*robbers*") of whist with his associates. The newspapers are then discussed (if such discussions be prudent,) and at nine o'clock the husband finds his way home again. If he is gallant, and his wife is at the theatre, or he is an amateur of the ballet, and she is not, he will probably turn into that temple of the Muses, in order to while away the time till nine o'clock. Having discussed (as far as was prudent) all political news at the clubs, he is not likely to begin on the state of the outer world again at home. Besides, women don't read the newspapers; so a little local talk is all that turns up, and as it is very local indeed, and has been revolving in the same circle (on his part) for the last thirty, and on hers for the last twenty years (for at five they both knew a fair amount of the town gossip,) it is not of a nature to make them forget the time or be heedless of the coals and candles.

After I had been three years at K——, I began almost to wonder what could have led me to such foregone conclusions as to the Sapphos and Corinnas of my imagination. I had ceased to look for one of those gifted females in every tenth or even twentieth woman I met, but in my secret soul I pined for her, and still carried a lantern beneath my cloak in order to aid me in my search. I was unwilling to renounce my little illusions.

I saw a stout, heavy girl with spiral ringlets very often at my friends' houses, and as she never talked "kitchen-stuff" I ventured to make some inquiries about her.

"My dear, she is insupportable," said her cousin; "she writes verses, goes to church nearly every Sunday, has not a notion of cooking, and reads in bed at night!"

"Quite a desperate character in fact!"

"Quite so. Ah, you are *au fait* at once. She is in fact, *entre nous*, quite *überspannt*."

"Ah!" I said, looking horrified, for my friend had lowered her voice as she uttered that significant word, and I felt that it behooved me to make an appropriate observation. "*Überspannt?*" What a world of reproach lay in that term! What scorn and contumely; what a depth of condemnation and disapproval! "Overstrung,"—as we might say of a bow of which the tension was too great. "Overdrawn, overstrung." Poor Louise von Dürlach! She was a quiet girl, who knew some of Schiller's and most of Geibel's poems by heart; went to church, read French and English fluently, made elegant extracts in a neat little niggling German hand, curled her hair, and wore dowdy gowns.

There was nothing romantic, sentimental, affected, or *überspannt* in her (that I could see,) but "give a dog a bad name and hang him." And when Louise von Dürlach married a little stout, elderly man with a bald head, hook-nose, and round owl-like spectacles, the same lady shook her head, and said reflectively, "She was always *überspannt*, you know."

The time came for me to leave K——. We arrived at L—— in the winter time, and a bitterly cold winter it was. At L—— there was an English embassy; and whereas we had only had 50,000 inhabitants at K——, we had 80,000 at L——. My heart beat with joyful emotion as out of my drawing-room windows I beheld two British youths linked arm in arm and stepping languidly down the pavement in garments vociferous of the genius of Poole. The Germans were all disguised in furs, and were going swiftly up and down the town, with their ears tied down under rabbit-skin pads; whilst these two godlike youths, apparently impervious to heat and cold, sauntered languidly along the pavement, their manly throats bared to the breeze. Instead of married count, we had a bachelor prince at ——, which gave society, so to speak, a lopsided aspect, though it was not, in consequence, without a certain piquancy.

I think it is Thackeray who somewhere tells a story of his having felt himself obliged to cut a friend dead during the space of four years (although the man had once saved his life and lent him £1,700,) because he saw him eating peas with his knife. Had one been disposed to take offence at any feats of jugglery with that dangerous weapon at L—— there would have been ample field for such exception. I remember on one occasion (when it was my inestimable privilege to sup at the serene table—an honor to which only twelve could be admitted, because we fed off gold, and the service was only made for a dozen,)—I remember, I say, on that august occasion nearly fainting with horror and dismay when I beheld an old man in a gorgeous suit of clothes (painted, padded, dyed, and polished *à ravir*, and scintillating with orders,) drinking gravy on a knife. A serene highness is, I suppose, pledged to remain serene under any provocation. Our serene highness watched the juggling feat of this old gentleman with perfect placidity, but he ate his own supper after another fashion. But why should I speak of old and ugly men, their feats and failings? Did I not see scores of young and beautiful creatures "doing likewise?" And does not Mr. Thackeray declare, at the same time as he recounts how his sense of duty as an English gentleman forced him to cut the man that ate peas with his knife at some *table d'hôte*, how he saw the beautiful hereditary Princess Amalia of Polytausend-Donnerwetter use the same weapon in lieu of a fork or spoon, at the table of one of her royal relatives, with all the dexterity of an Indian juggler, without blushing?

Two years at L—— were very much like three years at K——. Some slight variations, perhaps; but on the whole no new impressions. We were a little grander at L——; we had a diplomatic circle,—exclusive, expensive, ponderous, awful slow. Officers' wives were not admitted within this magic ring unless they had some special plea to such admission, such as extraordinary birth, wealth, or personal attractions; though this latter would not have counted unless backed up by one or other of the foregoing qualifications. But beyond and without this pompous, expensive, exclusive, slow set to which I have alluded, all was as it had been at K——.

"Surely you are unjust," says some candid, impartial friend. I think not. Women have not their proper place in Germany. They are treated as irresponsible beings; they are kept in a state of tutelage, that makes them helpless in emergency and troublesome at a crisis. They have no rational amusements. They are not allowed to share their husbands' and brothers' pursuits. They are thrown back upon themselves or upon each other for society and conversation: they are not their husbands' equals; they do not stand by his side "to warn, to comfort, and command,"—such words would savor to a German wife of blasphemy. They are there to knit and spin, to sew buttons on his shirts and darn his stockings, to iron his collars and pocket-handkerchiefs, and cook his favorite dishes. They are there to drive the "slavey," and do half of the "slavey's" legitimate work. They are there to peel the baked potatoes at supper, and take the scaly armor off the shrimps and prawns. And if they do these things assiduously have they not their reward? Are they not allowed to go to the theatre in the winter, and frequent the coffee-gardens in summer? May they not choose their own gowns (provided they are not too expensive), and have half a dozen bosom friends to envy them all these privileges? German girls ought to be companions for German men. They have advantages at school, such as we in England should accept in an ecstasy of gratitude. The same professors that lecture to their brothers and cousins within the university halls or college class-rooms come down from those greater altitudes to teach the young girls and children that we have seen passing to and fro through the streets to school. They are taught regularly, systematically, patiently, conscientiously. A German girl must be dull indeed who is not well-read. Everything is taught, and everything is taught well. Nothing is of itself; a building is not made of one brick, nor a ship of a block of wood; and there are a score of diverse influences working on the outer and inner systems of female education in Germany, of which I have neither time nor space to speak here.

SONG OF THE VEGETARIAN.

BY HOWARD PAUL.

Let me claim your kind attention that you may the story heed
Of a blighted Vegetarian prematurely run to seed!
Once I loved a tender maiden, choicest bud of Beauty's bower,
Graceful as the golden pumpkin, fairer than the cauliflower;
Spotless as the virgin turnip, she was skittish, coy and shy,
And with eyes whose soft expression might with the potato vie.

She combined the rare perfections of the parsley, leek and green,
Eggplant, cabbages and mushrooms, celery and kidney bean;
Truffles, lettuces and carrots, could not with her charms compare;
Spinach, beet-root and tomatoes gave it up in sheer despair.
Oh! she was a sweet spring onion, better name could none devise;
For to gaze upon her beauty brought the tears into your eyes!

But alas! when fully ripened, and I sought her for my wife,
Tauntingly she said she could not lead a vegetable life:
Flesh of my flesh, if she ever changed into, she said were shame,
For I had through eating pickles merely a cucumber frame.
Oh! 'twas cruel, and it left me withered, shrivelled, faint and pale,
Prostrate as a stalk of rhubarb snapt asunder by the gale.

Even now the recollection of her harsh, unfeeling tones
Chills the vegetable marrow in these farinaceous bones:
Artichokes have lost their flavor, marrowfats entice no more,
'Tis as though a snail was gnawing, eating through my very core;
And ere long a simple tablet thuswise will inscribe my fate:
"Here lies a Vegetarian, who has ceased to vegetate."

The Old Newspaper.

An instructive lesson may be drawn from the columns of an old newspaper. You meet with names that seem once to have been on every tongue, but now are never mentioned; authors of new books, which the reviewer confidently, handed down to the admiration of all after ages, but which somehow have failed to reach *our* age; popular preachers, whose sermons have sent no echo to our ears; politicians, who fill whole columns of the paper, but have long since retired to an undiscoverable privacy; swarms of dukes, princes, generals and captains, who played prominent parts in the tragedies or farces of those days, but of whom *we* were totally ignorant until we saw the old newspaper. What a severe critic is time! With what a ruthless hand he blots out the praises of other journalists! How quietly he shuts down his extinguisher upon lights that the world said would never go out!

THE PIPES AT LUCKNOW.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Pipes of the misty moorlands,
Voice of the glens and hills;
The droning of the torrents,
The treble of the rills!
Not the brace of broom and heather,
Nor the mountains dark with rain,
Nor maiden bower, nor border tower,
Have heard your sweetest strain!

Dear to the Lowland reaper,
And plaided mountaineer,—
To the cottage and the castle
The Scottish pipes are dear;
Sweet sounds the ancient pibroch
O'er mountain, loch, and glade;
But the sweetest of all music
The pipes at Lucknow played.

Day by day the Indian tiger
Louder yelled, and nearer crept;
Round and round the jungle-serpent
Near and nearer circles swept.
"Pray for rescue, wives and mothers,—
Pray to-day!" the soldier said;
"To-morrow, death's between us
And the wrong and shame we dread."

Oh! they listened, looked, and waited,
Till their hope became despair;
And the sobs of low bewailing
Filled the pauses of their prayer.
Then up spake a Scottish maiden,
With her ear unto the ground:
"Dinna ye hear it?—dinna ye hear it?
The pipes o' Havelock sound!"

Hushed the wounded man his groaning;
Hushed the wife her little ones;
Alone they heard the drum-roll
And the roar of Sepoy guns.
But to sounds of home and childhood
The Highland ear was true;—
As her mother's cradle-crooning
The mountain pipes she knew.

Like the march of soundless music
Through the vision of the seer,
More of feeling than of hearing,
Of the heart than of the ear,
She knew the droning pibroch,
She knew the Campbells' call;
"Hark! hear ye not MacGregor's,—
The bravest of them all!"

Oh! they listened dumb and breathless,
And they caught the sound at last;
Faint and far beyond the Goomtee
Rose and fell the piper's blast!
Then a burst of wild thanksgiving
Mingled woman's voice and man's;
"God be praised!—the march of Havelock!
The piping of the clans!"

Louder, nearer, fierce as vengeance,
Sharp and shrill as swords of strife,
Came the wild MacGregor clan-call,
Stinging all the air to life.
But when the far-off dust cloud
To plaided legions grew,
Full tenderly and blithesomely
The pipes of rescue blew!

Round the silver domes of Lucknow,
Moslem mosque and pagan shrine,
Breathed the air to Britons dearest,
The air of Auld Lang Syne.
O'er the cruel roll of war-drums
Rose that sweet and home-like strain;
And the tartan clove the turban,
As the Goomtee cleaves the plain.

Dear to the corn-land reaper
And plaided mountaineer,—
To the cottage and the castle
The piper's song is dear.
Sweet sounds the Gaelic pibroch
O'er mountain, glen, and glade;
But the sweetest of all music
The pipes at Lucknow played!

THE OUTLAW'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF THE SOUTH-WEST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EMERSON BENNETT,

AUTHOR OF THE "WHITE SLAVE," "PHANTOM OF THE FOREST," &c.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

THE TIMELY RESCUE.

"You aint what you purtend to be!" screamed the old woman; "and so out of here—git!"

"Mrs. Blodget," cried I, fiercely, producing one of my pistols, "do you want the devil to get you before his time?"

"Lud sakes! don't kill me!" she prayed, clasping her hands in terror.

"Then help me get this young gentleman away before any one interferes with my design, or your life will not be worth a rush-light!"

"You haint got no time to lose then," she returned, with a frightened look, "for Nelly's gone fur help!"

"Quick, then!" cried I, "lead the way!"

"You'll find him in that yere room!"

"Open the door and go first! I shall not trust you out of my sight!"

She did as I bade her, and I followed close on her heels.

The room was small and dark, the only light in it coming through the door by which we entered, for the shutter of its only window was closed. I could see it was furnished better than the other apartment, as if used for a parlor and bed-room both. It contained a bed, a table, two or three chairs and a settee, and had a rag carpet on the floor.

All this I took in at a glance. The human figure, stretched out on the settee, arrested and fixed my whole attention. I flew to it, bent over it, and saw it was my friend, Ernest La Grange, in a deep, heavy sleep, his clothes unchanged, and a pillow under his head, as if he had carefully laid himself down there.

I did not wait for ceremony; but at once seized hold of him, and shook him roughly, exclaiming:

"Up, Ernest! up, and come with me! for there is danger here—danger, if not death! Ernest! Ernest! up! up! awake! awake!"

I shook him hard all the while I was speaking; but he still slept on—a dull, heavy, stupid sleep.

"Woman," cried I, turning fiercely upon the old hag, who seemed not a little alarmed, "if this gentleman has been murdered by your cursed drugs, I will have every life concerned in the foul deed!"

"He's only sleeping!" she answered, trembling from head to foot."

I dragged him from the settee to the floor, and rolled and shook him in a most vigorous manner. How precious seemed every moment that he was thus unconsciously sleeping away! for in what fearful peril did we both stand! I could not know when the black girl would return, with the person or persons she had gone to seek, and how was I to get him away unless he could aid himself?

"Quick!" cried I to the old woman; "water here! water!"

"There aint a blessed drap in this yere house this yere minute!" she answered; "but I'll run out and git some!"

"No!" said I, fiercely; "sit down there! you don't stir a step out of my sight!"

I thought of the milk which had been left in the other room, sprung in and got it, and dashed it into the face of my friend, in such a manner that it partly choked him. He strangled, coughed, and threw out his arms somewhat wildly. I seized hold of him again, and jerked him up and down, this way and that, calling him by name, and bidding him, for God's sake, rouse up before he should be murdered!

At last he opened his eyes, with a somewhat flushed face, and stared at me like one stupidly bewildered.

"Ernest! Ernest! awake! arouse! awake!" I cried. "Do you not know me—your friend—Leslie Walbridge?"

"Ha!" he muttered at length, thickly and gutturally; "Leslie—is it—you? what do you—want?"

"Up! arouse! awake! away! for there is danger here!—they want to murder you!"

He stared at me, as if he heard but did not clearly comprehend, and then looked fixedly at the old woman, who sat trembling in the chair into which I had ordered her, and then gazed stupidly around the room. I did not cease my exertions to rouse him—still shaking and talking at the same time—for I felt that a moment's relaxation might permit him to sink back into the same heavy stupor in which I had found him.

He now began to gather his senses by slow degrees; and at length, to my unspeakable joy, demanded, in an almost natural tone:

"Why, Leslie, what is the matter? what has happened?"

"You have been insnared, Ernest!" I hurriedly replied; "drugged—put to sleep—and your very life depends upon your rousing yourself at once and getting away from this devil's hole!"

He rubbed his hands over his face and eyes, and, with my assistance, started up to his feet, saying, as he looked quickly and eagerly around him:

"I don't half understand this yet! Where is Flora? Miss Sebastian?"

"Gone to get some of her father's cut-throats to take you prisoner? She drugged your coffee, and put you in a stupid sleep, intending to have you conveyed away from here before you could wake again. Her father is the captain of the desperadoes that have long been prowling about this region. I have discovered all. It was he and Flora that caused the kidnapping of Alice Brandon, so Providentially rescued by me."

"Gracious Heaven! what do you say? Am I awake now? or do I dream?"

"You are awake now, Ernest—you do not dream—I tell you the fearful truth—and oh! arouse all your senses, all your faculties, and get away from this devil's den before it be too late! Even now the black girl of this old beldam here has gone to get help, to prevent the escape of both—perhaps to murder us!"

"Do you hear this? and is it true?" cried Ernest, now fully aroused to his danger and turning fiercely upon the old woman.

"Thar—thar—don't—"

"Ha! I remember now—you were sick—and Flora and I sat up with you! Was that a sham? Speak! quick! before I get wild and wring your neck!"

"The truth, Mrs. Blodget!" cried I, flourishing one of my pistols; "the truth! unless you want to die!"

She fell down on her knees, and held up her aged, shrivelled, trembling hands imploringly.

"She axed me to do it, and what could I say to her as had sich power?" she answered, deprecatingly.

"Who asked you to do it?" demanded Ernest.

"Miss Flora."

"Then it is all true? you confess to all?"

"Thar! don't kill me, good dear!"

"The truth, or I will!"

"Yes, I confess to all."

"And what was to have been done with me?"

"I don't know that yar—'deed I doesn't!"

"Come on, Ernest!" said I, taking hold of his arm; "we are in danger here! I can tell you the rest. Let us hurry away while we can! Where is your horse?"

He rubbed his temples, as if still a little confused, and then answered:

"I put him in the stable."

"Quick, then—come with me! I hope we shall find him there now, for we shall need him. I fear, however, that girl may have had something to do with him, for she went in that direction! Have you your pistols with you?"

Ernest felt for them, but they were gone.

"I had them before I went to sleep," he cried, turning fiercely upon the old woman, "but they are gone now, and I have been robbed."

"No, I jest tuk 'em, afeard you'd hurt your blessed self!" returned Mrs. Blodget. "I'll git 'em for you."

I kept by her side while she went into the other room and took them down from behind some dishes which she kept on a shelf. I examined and found them still loaded; but I shook out the old priming and put in some fresh, and by that time Ernest was ready to accompany me. I would have stopped longer to question the old woman closely about many things which she might have been able to throw light on, but I did not think it best to remain another minute in a place so every way perilous. I therefore ordered her not to show herself at the door, nor call out, at the risk of being shot; and, taking the arm of Ernest, I hurried him away toward the stable. On the way thither, I discovered that he walked unsteadily, with a staggering motion, and he complained of severe pains in his head. I told him to rouse up every faculty, and shake off his ailments with his whole will, for on his active exertions his life now depended.

To our great satisfaction we found the horse of Ernest in the stable, with the bridle and saddle where he had placed it himself, after he had consented, at Flora's earnest request, to pass the night with her under Dame Blodget's roof.

And here, to keep my narrative together in proper order, let me relate, in as few words as possible, what I subsequently learned, of the manner in which the artful Flora Sebastian had managed to deceive and insnare my friend.

From the time he had left her father's house in her company, up to the period of his forgetfulness, no girl or woman had ever made herself more fascinating. In fact, so great had been her powers in this respect, and so sweetly charming her blandishments, that Ernest frankly confessed himself in danger then of forgetting his engagement to Alice Brandon, though her name had once or twice been mentioned by the artful Flora in gentle praise. During their ride across a lonely country, she had been all life and animation, exerting every power she possessed to please and charm, and with such effect that they had reached their destination ere he had supposed himself half way there. She had entered the house alone, requesting him to take the horse down to the stable and feed them, saying there was no man-servant about the place. On entering the house himself, he had found the old woman lying on a bed, in one corner of the first apartment, apparently very weak and in great pain, with the black girl kneeling beside her and crying, and the tender-hearted Flora sitting in a chair and holding one of her hands. On feeling her pulse he had fancied her feverish, and regretted he had come to visit her without his medicines, which had been left at home. There were some nostrums in the house, however, which the dame declared had once or twice relieved her during a similar attack, and he had ventured to give her one of these—after which she had apparently fallen into a quiet sleep.

To make a long story short, Flora had persuaded him to remain there with her all night, and had continued her fascinations in so successful a manner, that, to use his own words, he had quite fallen in love with her. At daylight the black girl had made some excellent coffee, and set before him and Flora some plain, but palatable food. They had both eaten and drank, and he remembered nothing afterward till awakened by me from his lethargic sleep.

What Flora intended to do with my friend in the end, I can only surmise. She was madly in love with him, and her design probably was to have him carried off by the outlaws, so that she could secure him to herself. Perhaps she herself had no fixed design beyond getting him completely in her power, to be governed in the future by the circumstances which might arise.

As it was important that Ernest should know what strange events had happened since we had parted the day previous at Captain Sebastian's, I hurriedly and briefly narrated the facts, while we busied ourselves in putting the saddle and bridle upon his horse.

"Gracious Heaven!" he at length exclaimed; "can all this be true?"

"Every word, Ernest."

"And I, like a simple fool, idling my time away, with that guilty wretch of a girl, while all my friends were in peril!"

"And are still, I fear!"

"Oh, let us away from here! and home, home, with all speed! Fool, fool, have I been!"

"Nay, do not blame yourself, Ernest! You did but act as any gentleman might under the circumstances. You had faith in the girl."

"And but for you, I should have been carried off, a helpless prisoner, and perhaps all my friends murdered in their beds! Stupid fool that I was, to be so criminally blind!"

"Do not stand here accusing yourself because you did not know more, for only by accident, or Providence, did I discover what I have revealed!"

"Gracious God! to think of the volcano that has been burning and seething beneath us! and we living on in such innocent, unconscious simplicity! To think that the high-toned Sebastian, one of the trusted leaders of the Regulators, should be the captain of a band of desperadoes! and his beautiful and accomplished daughter a vile accomplice! Ah, my friend, I can scarcely credit the statement, even coming from your lips."

"Well, let us waste no time here in words! You will soon have evidence, I fear, of a more terrible nature! There! your horse is ready for mounting; and now let us away! Mine, or rather Miss Flora's, is tied back here in the bushes; and I will try to keep you company, though I confess I feel very weak and faint."

"Good heavens, Leslie, you are ill!" cried Ernest, as his eye now fell upon me: "you are as white as a sheet and trembling like an aspen!"

I did now indeed feel very sick and faint; and but for the necessity of keeping up, to save my life and the lives of my friends, I should have yielded at once and thrown myself down where I was. I started to leave the stable, in which we had saddled the horse, and found my head swimming and limbs staggering. I should have fallen but for the support of Ernest, who, as he threw his arm around me, exclaimed, in alarm:

"My dear, dear friend, you are really ill!"

"Don't be alarmed!" I said. "I shall do very well, I think, after I get to my horse."

I had scarcely uttered the words, when I was seized with a violent chill, and shook so that all my teeth rattled.

"Oh, merciful Heaven!" he exclaimed; "I fear you are attacked with fever! If you get sick here, what will become of us?"

"Mount and ride for your life!" I managed to say, though every word was literally shaken out of me. "Go! go! don't stay for me; but get to Colonel Brandon's with all speed, and tell them all you know! You may be in time to save them!"

"But I must take you with me, my dear friend! I will not leave you here to perish!"

"I fear I am not able to sit my horse, Ernest."

"Oh, for God's sake, rouse yourself, with all your will, as you told me, and throw this sickness off!"

"Alas! it seems as if I have no will left!" said I, despairingly.

"I will take you up in front of me and hold you."

"And the attempt will cause us both to fall!" said I, feeling that I could not make any further effort, even to save my life. "No, no, Ernest—for the love of God, ride away while you can and save our friends! Every minute now is precious! That black girl will soon be back with the party she has gone to seek, and then I fear it will be too late!"

"No, no, Leslie—I will not leave you!"

"Then we shall both perish instead of one, and all will be lost!"

"Come, come—let me help you on the horse! Oh, do, do, my dear friend, make the trial!"

I was now shaking so violently, and felt so utterly prostrated, that I did not even reply to him. He hurriedly took off his coat and wrapped it around me, and thus tried to impart to me some warmth. It did no good, however. I shook and shook, in every nerve, muscle and bone. The chill lasted some five minutes longer—precious minutes—and then it was followed by a burning heat, a hot dry skin, bounding pulse, hurried breathing, and intense thirst. I knew I was now the victim of a raging fever, of an inflammatory type; and, under the circumstances, I feared I should never behold the face of another friend in this world.

While Ernest was talking to me, in accents of despair, pleading for me to keep up for an hour or two longer, we were both startled at hearing voices.

"There," groaned I, "I fear all is lost even now!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

PARTING AND MEETING.

Ernest sprung to the door of the stable, closed it, and peeped out through some chinks.

"The Lord deliver us!" he ejaculated, in a low, anxious tone. "Here comes a party of eight or ten mounted men—strangers—some of them quite ruffianly-looking fellows! What is to be done?"

"For God's sake, fly while you can, Ernest!"

"And leave you, Leslie, after all you have done for me? Never! never! never!"

"But you cannot aid me against them, and we shall both be taken!"

"So be it then! Better die with honor than live in disgrace!"

"But our friends—your father, mother, Alice, Cora—think of them, Ernest!"

"You have already warned them, Leslie, and more I could not do if I were to desert you. But these men may not stop here after all. They are heading this way, it is true; but their business is probably beyond, with the others you mentioned. Can we not secrete ourselves somewhere? Yes—there is a quantity of hay piled up yonder—let us hide ourselves in the middle of that. Come, Leslie, I will assist you."

It would be a terrible thing to fall into the hands of a gang of ruffians, and I made a desperate effort to avoid it. Assisted by my friend, I was soon mounted upon the hay. He was about to follow, when it occurred to me, that if these fellows should stop and look into the stable, and find the horse saddled, they would be more likely to search for us than if there were nothing on his back and he hitched by a mere halter. I hurriedly whispered this to Ernest, and asked him if there were time to strip the beast before being discovered.

"At least I will make the effort," he answered, in the same cautious manner, and at once set about the task.

The voices every moment now grew louder, and I trembled lest Ernest should not have time to finish his work before they should be upon him.

"Here's a stable, and thar's a house," I presently heard one of them say; "let's see what's inside of 'em."

"No, come on!" returned another; "we've got no time to stop. If Kingston gits in ahead of us, we'll be blamed."

"Thar won't no hurt come of jest looking in," rejoined the first speaker, "and I'm agwine to do it."

Just at this moment Ernest appeared on the mow; and hurrying back to one corner, we threw ourselves down together, and pulled the hay well over us. There we lay, perfectly quiet, half holding our breaths, and listening intently. A burning fever was on me still, and I prayed that the ague might not return and thus lead to my discovery.

The stable door was shortly thrown open, and we heard a voice say, with an oath:

"A good looking hoss here, by ——!"

"Well, come on, Dan—we've nothing to do with that—we can't be robbing people round yere in the day-time!" said another.

"Hallo, wench! who do you belong to?" we now heard called out by a different speaker and in better language.

"In dar yar—Missus Blodget," we heard answered in the voice of Nelly. "I says, Marsers, aint you ob *dem?*"

"Who, wench? we don't understand signs."

"Marser Guido—hah?"

"Ha! do you know him?"

"Guess I does—same."

"She one of them too?" probably referring to Dame Blodget.

"Reckon, sar! If you's der capyin, I's got so'thing to tell yar private."

"This way then."

What was further said between these two we could not hear; but as Nelly had run off to get help, I supposed it to be something concerning ourselves; and, to confess the truth, I felt a good deal alarmed.

Soon after this the men all started on, and all once more became quiet around the stable.

"Thank God, they have left us!" ejaculated Ernest, with a long breath of relief.

"If they do not return."

"How do you feel now, Leslie?"

"I am sorry to say, no better. And you, Ernest?"

"I had almost forgotten myself, in thinking of you, my friend. My head is still rather giddy; but if you can only hold out till we reach our friends, I shall do very well."

It was such a relief to rest myself there in the hay, that I did not feel like making an immediate attempt to resume my journey. There were a few minutes of such peaceful quiet, that, in spite of my fever, I began to lose myself in sleep, when Ernest startled me with the words:

"Hark! I do believe the scoundrels are coming back to search for us—probably directed thither by the old woman, or the black girl! Hush! not a breath now!"

We could now hear some three or four persons talking together, and presently the stable-door was again thrown open.

"You see, if they'd come yere," said a gruff voice, "it 'ud ben for the hoss, and they'd a put bridle and saddle on to him. No, the old woman's mistook—they've put off afoot."

"We mought s'arch the building anyhow," suggested another.

"What's the use, Dan? They got off a right smart bit ago, and they wouldn't be hiding yere 'fore anybody come about to skeer 'em. No, sir—they'd ben a fixing up the hoss, and we'd a found him all ready to travel."

"In course we would," put in a third.

"Well, I'm agwine to take a look," persisted the one called Dan.

"Just you hunt away then, whilst we takes the hoss and goes."

Presently we heard the horse led out of the stable, and at the same time became aware that some one had mounted the mow where we were. We felt that the critical moment for us had now arrived, and we fairly held our breaths with intense anxiety. Should we be discovered, all would be lost, and the man searching for us was within a few feet of us. We could hear him moving about on the mow, and presently his foot pressed the hay down beside my face. I felt sure now that all was lost; but fortunately we were well covered; and one of his comrades called to him at the same moment, saying that they were about to push on.

"Ay! ay!" he answered, and immediately hurried away.

Even then I was not sure he had not discovered us and gone to inform his companions of the fact, nor did I breathe easy till I heard him tell the others we were not in the barn, and the voices of all gradually died away in the distance.

"Saved, thank God!" I whispered then.

"Thank God indeed!" returned Ernest. "And yet, Leslie, but for your fore-thought, in having the beast stripped, we should surely have been discovered! Ah, me! what is to be done now that they have carried off my horse?"

"Perhaps the other may be left for you, Ernest; and if so, you must leave me and ride to Colonel Brandon's with all speed!"

"But how can I leave you, Leslie?"

"What good can you accomplish by remaining, Ernest? I am weak and ill as it is; and if I get worse, what can you do for me here? No, go, and tell our friends all, and then you can send a party for me."

"But can you not go with me now, Leslie?"

"I dare not attempt it, my friend. I am completely exhausted for one thing, and feel that I must have some sleep. If I were to set out now, I might faint by the way and find myself in a worse place; and I should, even at the best, be a great hindrance to you. No, no, my dear friend—go on, if you are able, and send me assistance as soon as you can. Do not be alarmed about me! I feel comparatively comfortable where I am, and I am almost certain a few hours of sleep will be of great benefit to me."

I still had considerable difficulty in persuading my friend to leave me, but at last succeeded. He shook hands with me, with tears in his eyes, and said, in a choking voice:

"God bless you, Leslie! It pains me to the heart to leave you thus—but necessity compels. Keep up your courage, do not despair, and I will soon get assistance to you!"

"Be very, very cautious, Ernest, not to fall into the hands of these desperadoes, who seem to be all about the country, gathering from all quarters for their wicked work! God grant that we may be able to foil and punish them! There—Heaven be with you! Good-by! good-by!"

He pressed my hand in silence and turned away. In another minute he had gone, and I was again alone.

Soon after Ernest's departure, I was seized with another violent chill, which lasted some five minutes; but I was thankful he was not present, lest he might have refused to leave me at all. My clothes were still wet; but the hay around me had a comfortable feel; and after all the fatigues, excitements and perils I had passed through, I thanked God that my present situation was no worse. I did not in the least despair. I felt that I should eventually pass safely through all my troubles to the happy scenes for which we all seek in this world—whether high or low, rich or poor, old or young—though the ends sought may be as various as the individuals, and the means to attain them as different as each from the other.

The ague was again succeeded by a fever heat, some pains, and such a burning thirst that I determined to quench it. I remembered having seen a cattle trough in the yard—an old log hollowed out, and now of course full of water—and at the risk of discovery I resolved to reach it and drink my fill. I had not touched a morsel of food since my supper the night before at Colonel Brandon's; but I had no appetite now—only a wild desire for drink—and so intense was this that I thought, if I were about to be put to death, with only one request to be granted me in this world, I would ask for water. I remembered, too, the raging thirst of the old negro Cato, and the beneficial effects that had followed the gratification of his desire, and I now determined to satisfy my own, hoping of course for a similar result.

Accordingly I crawled out of the hay and went to the door, feeling weak and giddy. The rain was still falling, but not so fast, and the clouds were beginning to break, as if the storm was coming to an end. All was still around, and no person in sight. I reached the trough, and drank, and drank, till I was satisfied. Then I crawled back to my bed in the hay, and soon after fell asleep, my last thought being of Cora Brandon.

I slept for several hours, and awoke in great perspiration, still feeling weak, but considerably refreshed in body and mind. The storm had cleared away, and the sun of midday was now shining beautifully, as I could see through the crevices of the log-structure. A ray of sunlight even streamed down upon the spot where I lay, as if to give me hope and comfort. I now felt comparatively comfortable where I was, but with no disposition to stir from my quiet bed.

What of Ernest La Grange? Had he escaped? had he reached Colonel Brandon's? and if there, what excitement would be caused by his narration! and would not one heart beat quicker than all others to hear of my adventures and misfortune? Had the Regulators already assembled there in sufficient numbers to sally forth on the offensive? and would they or others come immediately to my rescue?

There was a secret satisfaction in feeling that I should be missed, and that one heart at least would tremble for my safety. Ah! it is sweet to feel, even in the depths of woe, that the one living being, whom we prize above all others, is sorrowing with us, though that very sorrow in turn cause us a pang of regret.

I fell asleep again, and had troubled dreams; and when I awoke the second time, the sun was far down toward the western horizon. I did not feel worse than before, and I fancied I was stronger—that perhaps I might venture to set out on my homeward journey. It seemed like a great undertaking, however, and I was by no means certain my strength would carry me safely through. My pulse still indicated considerable fever, my mouth felt parched, and my skin dry and hot. And yet there was less of apathy, less of prostration, and more of a desire to move.

I finally rose to my feet; but everything swam around me, my sight grew dim, and I fell back with a shaking chill.

From that time, for several hours, I lost all recollection. Perhaps I was in a state of stupor—perhaps delirious—at least I was unconscious.

I next remember of finding myself in utter darkness, and hearing voices speaking in low, hushed tones. Then there seemed to be the opening of a door, and I distinguished the words, coming from the lips of my friend:

"Gracious God! if he should not be here!"

I heard all this—for my hearing seemed to be very acute—and yet in such a condition was my mind, that I fancied the sounds were miles away, and had been made a long time before they reached me.

"Leslie, my dear friend, are you here?" was now anxiously spoken by Ernest La Grange.

"Pshaw!" thought I; "what is the use of his asking me such a question as that, and he miles away? Of course I am here, wherever it be, and any fool might know it; but if I attempt to call out loud enough to send my voice back to him, I shall be as big a fool as he, and I will not do it."

"Leslie! Leslie! do you hear me?"

"Ay, ay—well enough!" I thought; "but if you expect me to reply to you, you will be disappointed, unless you have the good sense to come nearer. I at least am no fool, if you are."

"Oh, my God!" I heard him groan; "why did I leave him? Perhaps he has become delirious and ran off—perhaps they have captured him—perhaps he is dead!"

"He may be asleep!" suggested another voice.

"At least I will soon know the worst," replied Ernest; and I heard him mount the hay and come towards me.

Then it was, without yet comprehending where I was, or what was my condition, I was suddenly seized with the strange idea that he had become a robber and come to murder me; and if I could have got away from him, I should have done so.

The next moment he was feeling in the hay, and his hand laid hold of me. Instinctively I tried to shrink away from his touch.

"Ah, God be praised! he is here and alive!" I heard him exclaim.

"Die, devil!" I shouted, suddenly feeling myself impelled to grapple with him with all my strength.

My mad desire now was to seize him by the throat and strangle him; and had we been left to ourselves, I fear I should have accomplished my horrible design. I did get him by the throat, and bore him back upon the hay, with myself uppermost.

"Help! help! he is mad—furious—he is choking me!" I heard him exclaim.

Others sprung forward to his assistance, and I felt myself seized and overpowered, and my arms finally pinioned, though I all the time fought like a tiger.

At last I resolved to struggle no more, but quietly yield to my fate.

Then they took me up and carried me out into the open air, where there were many others who came up and surrounded me; and I heard those in charge of me tell the others what had happened, and express sorrow for my condition, and say I was wildly delirious.

"Fools!" thought I, "how little you know of the condition of a gentleman!"

Then lights flashed around me, and I saw two ladies walking near me whom I recognized, Alice and Cora Brandon, and one was weeping. The sight affected me strangely; and then I thought they were two angels sent from Heaven to save me, and I cried out:

"God bless you, sweet, ministering spirits!"

They bore me into the house of Dame Blodget, (though I knew not where it was then,) and laid me on a bed; and a fiend came and drew blood from my arm; and the ministering spirits came and hovered over me; and I began to feel happy; and at last I fell into a sweet and tranquil sleep, and dreamed of love and Cora Brandon.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ Steaming, by means of a steam-engine ejecting steam through pipes, is the latest novelty for cleaning the *facade* of public buildings in Paris. The process is quick.

☞ The Constitution of the United States was framed in 1787; it has since been thoroughly boarded and shingled.

☞ The English papers state that "Aunt Margaret's Troubles," a novel that has had quite a run, was written by a daughter of Charles Dickens.

☞ A recent debate in the Massachusetts Senate, in relation to the prayers of the chaplain, recalls an incident that happened in the same body a few years since. The chaplain, previous to prayer, was proceeding to speak of the need of attention on the part of Senators to the daily prayer, when he was interrupted by the then President of the Senate, Charles A. Phelps, informing him that it was not in order for any person not a member to address the Senate, and that any communication he desired to make could be presented in writing.

☞ Count Bismarck is credited with a *bon mot* which makes everybody smile but Louis Napoleon: They were talking of the results of the late war before the Prime Minister. "Prussia," some one remarked, "has had the line of the Maine; Italy has had Venetia; Russia has the East at her disposal; but France?" "France," the Prime Minister of King William replied, "well, she has her—Exhibition."

☞ A Russian general of artillery has just died after having deposited in the Bank of St. Petersburg a sum of £8,000, to remain at interest until the year 1925, the anniversary of the death of the Emperor Alexander I., and then to be given to the author of the best history of that sovereign. The sum will then amount to £384,000.

☞ A young lady, member of a family which, although not wealthy, is comfortably off in this world's goods, was recently to be married. Handsomely engraved cards were sent out by the relatives and friends, but about two weeks before the wedding it was found that there were not cards enough to "go round." Instead of having more struck off, the young lady called on some of her neighbors and asked them to return the cards that had been sent them, as she wished to send them to others!

☞ A Second Adventist in New York State has for ten years been feeding a big ox for a feast when Christ should appear. He has starved his other stock and spent nearly all his property in purchasing food for that ox.

☞ Our fellow-creatures can only judge what we are by what we do; but in the eye of our Maker what we do is of no worth, except as it flows from what we are.

Military Education for Colleges.

A plan has been prepared for the military education of our college youth. It was detailed before the American Social Science Association by Dr. Sears, the President of Brown University. He became interested in the subject in consequence of calling on the Secretary of War in regard to a high military officer whom it was proposed to entrust with military instruction in that institution. As that officer could not be spared, Dr. Sears was referred to another officer not in Washington, who, on hearing of Dr. Sears's plans, accompanied him to that city, and introduced him, so that he was examined before the committee, and the bill was modified in consequence, so as better to suit the college system of the United States. The plan brought before Congress is to introduce a military education for colleges, so that the body of our educated men may, among other things, be fitted for the duties of officers in addition to those educated at West Point. Instead of going to the expense of six establishments like West Point, it is proposed that in these colleges every officer shall have an assistant—a graduate of West Point—detail to teach the military art and application of studies, at the same time pursuing himself a course of appointed studies, thus keeping up and carrying forward his own intellectual progress. The effect of this on West Point students would be that the present short course would be sufficient for those in whom the mere fighting powers alone prevailed. But a longer course would be opened for higher minds of a more literary and studious turn of mind. At present the cadets come without much literary preparation, and in four years the education must be chiefly mathematical and material, while the laws of mind—social law and moral, though of the highest consequence—cannot be thoroughly taught. About five-sixths of the West Point education is embraced in an ordinary college course.

If a *military* education can be engrafted on a practical *civil* education, it will be of much importance. The advantage to the present college is obvious, as the defective nature of their systems of physical education is one of the greatest sources of failure. Such young men want daily exercise to develope manly forms, and will study far better for the daily military exercise and with fewer college pranks. The real question involved is whether military education is to be centralized or diffused among the whole people? As a nation, all the powers of war possessed by any other people must be possessed by us for safety. And yet it is of the utmost importance that they should not be put first as the chief end of education, but only as a part of it. All these powers should be under the control of those taught to place intelligence, wisdom, justice and good-will as matters of far higher value than military power. Academies will naturally teach much of the drill.

Such was the substance of some of the most important views on college military education developed by President Sears, the other evening, before the Social Science Association. It is important in its relations to the future welfare of the country.

More About "Artemus Ward."

The editor of the Toledo (Ohio) Blade, a former comrade of "Artemus Ward," gives some reminiscences of the late humorist. We make a few extracts:

A curious adventure befel him on his way North, and we give it as told to us by himself. In a village of Southern Ohio, Browne and a fellow "jour" found themselves completely "strapped," and with no prospect of obtaining work or help of any kind. Browne's companion hit on a lucky idea. Browne was to remain quiet at the hotel whilst his companion made acquaintances outside and by his remarks led the people to believe that Fletcher Webster was stopping in town. The scheme succeeded. The magnates of the town hastily gathered and paid their respects to "Fletcher Webster," who soon found himself holding a levee, attended by nearly all the population.

A complimentary supper was given and presents forced upon him. When the pair took their departure, a day or two afterwards, the landlord refused to take any pay, esteeming the honor of entertaining a near relative of the "Great Expounder" to be more than an equivalent for the board and lodging furnished. Unhappily, however, the trick was discovered soon after the pair of friends left the place, a warrant was issued, and they were pursued by the constable and landlord. The fugitives seized a hand-car and attempted to escape by its means on the track, but were overhauled, brought back and locked up. The Justice, however, either found the law had no hold on the practical jokers, or thought the whole affair a good joke, for they were allowed to go free.

"Sweet, Sweet Home."

A Boston man, who wanted to trade in mahogany, sugar, honey, beeswax and hides, lived at Baza, a little palm town on the coast, near the beautiful plains and mountains of Anna. He had a little house that was built of palm-tree bark and covered with palm leaves. At last he had a house made of pine boards at home, all fitted ready to put up. This was put on shipboard and carried to Baza and he put it up, had it nicely ceiled, and thought he was very grand. But the sun shrunk the boards, and very soon the seams in his nice new house were large enough to let in a bee; and in the bees went, between the ceiling and the roof, between the ceiling and the weather-boarding, into his closets, under his chamber-floors, up his chimneys, everywhere: and before three months, so delighted were they with this new home, they had filled every crack and crevice overhead and round about with comb and honey, till it poured through the cracks and poured down on his head, and his house became such a "sweet, sweet home" that he had to run away and leave it, or be stuck fast and drawn out, like a fly in a cup, from his own great beehive.

☞ At a religious meeting among the blacks, a colored preacher requested that some brother should pray. Thereupon half-witted Mose commenced a string of words entirely without meaning. At this the pastor raised his head and inquired, "Who dat praying? Dat you, brudder Mose? You let somebody pray dat's better acquainted wid de Lord."

☞ It is a crime to sleep in church in Rhode Island. A poor Irishman who went into a church in Providence and took a quiet nap during service, was arrested, tried, and sent to jail for ten days.

☞ Let no man be deceived as if the contagions of the soul were less than those of the body. They are yet greater; they convey most direful diseases; they sink deeper, and creep on more unexpectedly.

BABY ON THE PORCH.

Out on the porch, by the open door,
Sweet with roses and cool with shade,
Baby is creeping over the floor,—
Dear little winsome blue-eyed maid!

All about her the shadows dance,
All above her the roses swing,
Sunbeams in the lattice glance,
Robins up in the branches sing.

Up at the blossoms her fingers reach,
Lisping her pleading in broken words,
Cooing away in her tender speech,
Songs like the twitter of nestling birds.

Creeping, creeping over the floor,
Soon my birdie will find her wings,
Fluttering out at the open door,
Into the wonderful world of things.

ONE OF DANIEL O'CONNELL'S STORIES.—One of O'Connell's old stories used to be about a Miss Mussey. Her father made a will (said O'Connell,) disposing of the bulk of his fortune to public charities. When he was upon his death-bed, his housekeeper asked him how much he had left to Miss Mary. He replied that he had left her £1,000, which would do very well if she married any sort of a good husband. "Heaven bless your honor," cried the housekeeper, "and what decent man would ever take her with the nose she has got?" "Why, that is really very true," replied the dying father, "I never thought of her nose;" and he lost no time in adding a codicil that gave Miss Mary an addition of £150 a year as a set off against her ugliness.

☞ At East Lulworth, Mass., two years ago, a woman lost her wedding ring while engaged in domestic labors. A few days ago the identical ring was found in dividing a large potato which she was peeling. The potato was grown in a field near the house.

☞ When a young man marries, says the Arabs, the demon utters a fearful cry. His fellows immediately crowd around him and inquire the subject of his grief. "Another son of Adam," he answers, "has just escaped my clutches."

☞ The first lieutenant of the Viceroy of Egypt's yacht has just died, in consequence of exhaustion caused by too strict an observance of the Mohammedan fast of Rhamadan.

☞ The admirers of Burns, who are, of course, familiar with "Old lang syne," will be startled by reading the following lines, written by Sir Robert Ayton, a century, more or less, before the birth of their favorite poet:

"Should old acquaintance be forgot
And never thought upon,
The flames of love extinguished,
And freely past and gone.

"Is thy kind heart now grown so cold
In that loving breast of thine,
That thou could'st never once reflect
On old lang syne."

☞ The Chinese women who are to wait on the restaurant at the Paris Exposition were purchased, it is said, in Canton for $50 each.

☞ It is understood that the Southern planters intend to petition all the theatrical managers to introduce a ballet in every play, upon the ground that the demand for well-shaped legs will increase the demand for cotton.

☞ Lamartine, the well-known French author, has always been a mendicant, but he is about to receive from the French government a grant of nearly $100,000 as a national recognition of his literary services. The sum is to be inalienable, so that M. Lamartine can neither spend it nor be compelled to surrender it to his creditors. This will be good news to the French people, who have been for so many years pestered with M. Lamartine's begging circulars.

☞ More murders have been committed by women than men during the past three months, if we are to take the record of the whole country.

☞ Miss Carrie Cheever Pell, who was married last week, had, among other things in her trousseau, twenty-four pairs of different colored shoes to match the same number of dresses.

☞ This is a very gentle world if you do not rub its back the wrong way of the fur.

☞ An Indianapolis lawyer has been sued for breach of promise, by a maiden lady of forty years, who lays her damages at $40,000. The lawyer is ten years her senior, of Falstaffian proportions. She probably thinks a man "worth his weight in gold."

☞ HOW TO STOP A HORSE.—A new method of stopping a horse has been suggested by an ingenious Frenchman. By means of a special contrivance attached to the bit, the animal's nostrils may be taken hold of in an instant, and, respiration being prevented, the horse must stop.

☞ In one of our suburban villages two ministers of different denominations are settled. One is very popular, and draws the best audiences. The unpopular preacher's society wish him to resign, so they can get a "smarter man." To effect this it became necessary to find fault or prefer charges against him. Here are the two principal accusations: "In visiting one of his lady parishioners he sat in her *parlor* cross-legged!" The other is, "that he was in the habit of blowing his nose in sermon time."

☞ Whenever you buy or sell, make a clear bargain, and never trust to, "We shan't disagree about trifles."

☞ A gentleman, a short time since, in conversation with a lady from ———, noticed particularly her head-dress of shells, and inquired what they had cost. She answered that she did not understand the circulating coin of this city. "What is the currency of ———?" said he. "Wit and politeness, sir," was her reply, "which should be current everywhere."

☞ Punch is witty *apropos* of the weather: "The slippery pavements were trying to all classes. Acrobats tumbled for nothing; bankers lost their balance; farmers grazed their shins; soldiers embraced the flags; tailors measured their length, and travellers tripped in all directions."

☞ Garibaldi has contributed fifty centimes towards the proposed monument to Voltaire, in France, accompanying his gift with the following letter:—

"CAPRERA, Feb. 19.

"A monument to Voltaire, in France, signifies the return of this noble country to its post of advanced guard of human progress in the fraternity of people. It is a good omen for the whole world, of which the immense man was citizen, and a terrible shock to the coalition of despotism and lying. Accept my *obolus* and all my gratitude.

"Yours, G. GARIBALDI."

Forty-Eight Hours in a Day.

"We propose now to show," says the Scientific American, "that Monday, or any other week day, is forty-eight hours long; we mean that, during the whole of forty-eight hours, Monday is on the earth somewhere to be found. The Monday of this city is, of course, twenty-four hours long; but before and after our Monday there is Monday in some other quarter. When Monday begins in New York, there have been three hours of Monday in London, and for three hours after our Monday ends there will be Monday in San Francisco. Thus, between these places Monday lasts eighteen hours. Now, if the daily line were at our antipodes, Monday would begin there twelve hours before ours, and end twelve hours after ours. Thus, for the space of forty-eight hours, the earth is not rid of Monday. The fact may be illustrated in another way. Suppose we are at the day line. Monday begins there, and in twenty-four hours along comes Tuesday. But, just west, (half an inch if you please,) Monday began only an instant before it ended east of the line. The Monday east of the line is twenty-four hours long, and west of the line is the same length, and, in all, Monday lasts forty-eight hours."

Blood Stains.

Among those popular fallacies, writes the British Medical Journal, which are not yet explored, is that which ascribes (very falsely) to the stains of human blood a remarkable permanence, and even power of "reappearing." A paragraph embodying this superstition is quoted from the Yorkshire Post, and is going the round of the papers. "Since the committal of John and Mary Watson, it has come to light, and is a matter of notoriety in the neighborhood, that blood-stains have made their appearance on the floor of the prisoner's house. Human blood-marks, as is well known, if washed out once, will gradually reappear; and, in this case, the stains are said to be plain and indelible." Here, to be sure, is a circumstance; but the whole story is not the less absurd and utterly false. Great mischief has been done by this foolish superstition about blood-stain; and a very unfair prejudice may easily be excited by applying it in almost any given case.

JOLLY.—An English paper calls attention to the fact that the slang sense in which the word "jolly" is often used is, after all, not slang. In "John Trapp's Commentary on the Old and New Testaments," published in London two hundred years ago, is to be read, "All was jolly quiet at Ephesus before St. Paul came thither." A century earlier, says a writer in Notes and Queries, the word is thus used by North, in his translation of Plutarch's Lives: "It (the wind, which some call cecias,) bloweth a jolly cool wind." So, without knowing it, our fast young men use this convenient word in its most classical sense.

☞ The yacht Henrietta, whose winter voyage across the Atlantic with her companions Fleetwing and Vesta, has recently excited so much attention, was more than ten times the size of the Mystery, (only 14 tons) which sailed from England *around the Cape of Good Hope to Australia.*

☞ Several hundred women employed in the Lowell factories have held a meeting to consider their grievances—among which is their being forced to work eleven and twelve hours a day. They advocate the ten-hour system, such as prevails in New York and Pennsylvania.

☞ Hanging, in Montana, is styled "climbing the pine limb," and in Nevada, "early rising."

☞ A cynical journalist says the reason so many marriages occur immediately after a great war is, that bachelors become so accustomed to strife that they learn to like it, and after the return of peace they enlist in matrimony as the next thing to war.

☞ Topers should bear in mind that what they quaff from the goblet afterwards appears in the mug.

☞ CONSOLATION FOR OFFICE-HOLDERS.—The Wisconsin Journal published a long list of confirmations and rejections of office holders by the United States Senate, under the appropriate caption of "Many are called, but few chosen."

☞ A fellow went to Saratoga for his health—to pick up a little—and picked up enough to send him to the State Prison for three years. This is recruiting with a vengeance.

☞ A man struggled for years to color a particularly obstinate meerschaum pipe. He smoked incessantly. He tried all the different kinds of tobacco, put a "button" in it, boiled it in tobacco juice, but all to no avail. It wouldn't color. He grew morose and sour, shut himself up by himself and smoked, and smoked, and smoked, muttering savagely from between his clenched teeth—"*Color I I say. Blame ye, I'll color ye!*" He gave up all business, and devoted himself wholly to smoking, determined, as he said, to color that pipe or die in the attempt. One day he failed to make his appearance at breakfast. His room was opened, and there he sat in his chair, dead, the fatal meerschaum clutched tightly between his teeth. The meerschaum was as white as when it first emerged Venus like, from the foam of the sea, but the man was turned a rich, dark brown. The meerschaum had colored *him!*

☞ Mr. Darling, Chairman of the Committee on Whiskey Frauds in the last Congress, reported that only *one eighth* of all the spirits distilled in the United States in 1866 had paid the Government tax. If the other seven-eighths had been honestly returned, the people might have been almost free from other burdens of taxation.

☞ "The Organic Vibrator" is the name given by a clever Englishman to a small instrument which fits in the ear, is not perceptible, and thus the unpleasant sensation of singing noises in the head is entirely removed. It affords immediate relief to deaf persons, and enables them to hear distinctly at church and public assemblies.

☞ A friend of impartial justice, wants to know why so much more attention is paid to the North than to the South Pole? He does not understand the reason for the preference given to one end of the earth's axes over the other.

☞ It is reported that the "water" of an artesian well at Corpus Christi, Texas, which the people of that place have been using for various disorders, turns out to be pure kerosene oil.

☞ LOUIS NAPOLEON.—Victor Hugo once said of Louis Napoleon, "He lies mute and motionless, looking in the opposite direction to his object, until the hour for action comes, then he turns his head and leaps upon his prey."

The Paris Exposition.

Nearly all the steamship lines connecting America with Europe have adopted special rates for passage between the two continents during the Paris Exposition. Thus the Cunard line has raised its charge to $150 in gold for carrying passengers to Liverpool; the Inman line charges $110 in gold to Liverpool, or $200 in gold from New York to Paris and return; French line, $165 in gold to Paris, and the Great Eastern $160 in gold to Paris. The Great Eastern will arrive at New York about April 1st, and expects to take 3,000 passengers back to Europe. It is thought that the Exhibition and its surroundings will not be complete before the 1st of May, so that visitors need be in no hurry to experience the high price of living in Paris.

☞ BUYING VOTES.—In England, where votes for members of Parliament are bought and sold in many places, the question is raised whether this is not legal. A vote is claimed by some as a right; if a right, why may it not be sold? Others contend that it is a trust, and must not, therefore, be exercised for money. In England, also, an advowson, or the right of presentation to a church living, is a matter of open bargain and sale, though an infinitely more important trust than a vote for a member of Parliament. Both are questions that need to be settled.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

SPLENDID INDUCEMENTS FOR 1867.

The proprietors of this favorite monthly, beg leave to call the attention of their patrons and the public to their splendid arrangements for the coming year. Preserving all their old and valued contributors, they have now on hand, in addition to shorter stories and sketches, the following novelets, which will appear successively:

ORVILLE COLLEGE,

A new story by Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "The Channings," &c., &c.

HOW A WOMAN HAD HER WAY.

By ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, author of "Told by the Sun," &c.

NO LONGER YOUNG.

By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, author of "In Trust," &c.

DORA CASTEL.

By FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

Mrs. Wood writes that her story will run through the year. It will begin in the January number.

These will be accompanied by numerous shorter stories, poems, &c., by Florence Percy, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, Miss Amanda M. Douglas, Miss V. F. Townsend, August Bell, Mrs. Hosmer, Frances Lee, &c., &c.

The Lady's Friend is edited by Mrs. HENRY PETERSON, and nothing but what is of a refined and elevating character is allowed entrance into its pages.

The Fashions, Fancy Work, &c.

A Splendid double page finely colored Fashion Plate, engraved on steel, in the finest style of art, will illustrate each number. Also other engravings illustrating the latest patterns of Dresses, Cloaks, Bonnets, Head-dresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c.

BEAUTIFUL STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

The beautiful steel engravings which adorn The Lady's Friend are, we think, unequalled.

TERMS:—$2.50 A YEAR.

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We offer for THE LADY'S FRIEND precisely the same premiums as are offered for THE POST. The lists can be made up either of the Magazine, or of the Magazine and Paper conjointly, as may be desired.

The Terms for Clubs of THE LADY'S FRIEND are also precisely the same as for THE POST—and the Clubs also can be made up for both Magazine and Paper conjointly if desired.

☞ The contents of the Lady's Friend and of The Post will always be entirely different.

☞ Specimen numbers sent on receipt of 10 cts. Address

DEACON & PETERSON,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philada.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—There is a firm feeling in the market. Sales of 7000 bbls, chiefly North-West extra family, at $12@13.50, including Pennsylvania and Ohio do, do, at $11,50@14; extras at $9@10,50; superfine at $8@9, and fancy at $14,50@17, according to quality. Rye Flour is selling at $7,37@7,50.

GRAIN—The market is nearly bare of prime Wheat. Sales of Pennsylvania red at $2,70@3,15, and California at $3.20. Rye is held at $1,45@1,50 for Western and Pennsylvania. Corn—Sales 4000 bus new yellow at $1,11@1,12. Oats—Sales of 2000 bus at 67@70c the latter rate for light Penna.

PROVISIONS—There is very little doing. Small lots are reported at $21,50@24 ₩ bbl for new mess Pork; 15@18c ₩ lb for plain and fancy bagged Bacon Hams; 14@14½c for pickled do, and 9½@9½c for salt Shoulders, and 13½c ₩ lb for prime Lard, in bbls and tcs. Mess Beef sells at $17@20 ₩ bbl for western, and $22@23,50 ₩ bbl for city packed. Butter—Small sales are making at 16@17c for roll, and 12@20c ₩ lb for solid packed. Cheese is selling at 18@20c ₩ lb for New York factory. Eggs sell at 25@26c ₩ dozen.

COTTON—About 1000 bales of middlings sold in lots at 31@32c for uplands, and 32@33c ₩ lb for New Orleans.

BARK—Sales 1st No. 1 Quercitron at $35 ₩ ton.

BEESWAX—Sales of Yellow at 32@33½c ₩ lb.

COAL continues dull. We quote white ash at $4,50@5, and red ash at $4,75@5,25 ₩ ton, as to quality.

FEATHERS—Sales of prime western at 83@85c.

HOPS—Prime new sell at 60@70c, and fair to good at 40@50c ₩ lb.

PLASTER—The last sale of soft was at $5 ₩ ton.

SEEDS—Clover seed; 1500 bus sold at $7,50@8 for old crop, and $8,25@9,25 ₩ bus for fair to prime new. Timothy; 600 bus sold at $3,50@3,62½ ₩ bus. Flaxseed sells at $3,20 ₩ bus.

SPIRITS—N E Rum sells at $2,70@2,75 ₩ gallon.

TALLOW—Sales of city rendered are making at 11@11½c, and country at 10½@10½c ₩ lb.

WOOL—The demand is limited. About 130,000 lbs sold at 64@65c for double extra; 60@62c for extra; 58@61c for fine; 55@56c for medium; 45@52c for coarse; 55@56c for good tub washed; 45@48c for inferior do; 45@46c for extra Western pulled, and 39@40c ₩ lb for No 1 Western pulled, according to quality.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

THE supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1100 head. The prices realized from 17@18½ cts ₩ lb. 200 Cows brought from $40 to 65 ₩ head. Sheep—3000 head were disposed of at from 5@9 cts ₩ lb. 2200 Hogs sold at from $10,50@11,50 ₩ 100 lbs.

Rather Tough.

A New York paper, speaking about the importation of Canary birds from Germany, says that the following sight was seen in Florence, Italy, in 1861, by a lady and gentleman belonging in New York:

"In walking in the principal street they overtook a man with a long whip in his hand, which he was moving from one side to the other in what they thought a strange manner. When they came up with him they found he was driving a flock of Canary birds, as in England they drive a flock of turkies. A carriage came along, and the man waved his whip in a peculiar manner, when the little birds all went to the sidewalk until the carriage passed, when they took the street again. A woman wanted to buy one, when the man sprinkled some Canary seed at his feet, and half-a-dozen of them came to him, when he took one up in his hand and delivered it to the woman, who paid him one franc. The man then went on again."

☞ Without the *deer* ladies we should be but a *stay* nation.

Dr. Radway's Pills (Coated) Are Infallible As a Purgative and Purifier of the Blood.

BILE.

Bile in the Stomach can be suddenly eliminated by one dose of the Pills—say from four to six in number. When the Liver is in a torpid state, when species of acrid matter from the blood or a serous fluid should be overcome, nothing can be better than Radway's Regulating Pills. They give no unpleasant or unexpected shock to any portion of the system; they purge easily, are mild in operation, and, when taken, are perfectly tasteless, being elegantly coated with gum. They contain nothing but purely vegetable properties, and are considered by high authority the best and finest purgative known. They are recommended for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Nervous Diseases, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and symptoms resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs. Price, 25 cts. per box. Sold by Druggists.

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HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—Let no sufferer from chronic dyspepsia or liver disease despair; this remedy will inevitably perform the task the doctor has abandoned, and restore the patient to health. Manufactory, 80 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. Pennel Coombe, Mr. JAMES H. KEYSER to Miss MARTHA J. BRADY, both of this city.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. Wm. O. Johnstone, Mr. JOHN ROSS to Miss JANE WEIR, both of this city.

On the 19th of Dec. last, by the Rev. A. Manship, Mr. CHARLES B. WILLIAMS to Miss MARY E. FITNIAN, both of this city.

On the 14th instant, by the Rev. Wm. T. Eva, JOHN MILLS, Jr., to Miss CLAUDINE V. ROBSON, both of this city.

On the 25th of Dec., 1866, by the Rev. J. G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. SAMUEL HARRIS to Miss ANNA RICHARDSON, both of this city.

On the 26th of Feb., by the Rev. Doctor Dales, Mr. BENJAMIN BERKLEY to Miss REBECCA A. CUNNINGHAM, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At Berkley, New Jersey, on the 25th instant, HARRY D. THOMAS, in the 30th year of his age.

On the 16th instant, SARAH B. MIDDLETON, in her 65th year.

On the 19th instant, WILLIAM B. BATTERTON, in his 69th year.

On the 18th instant, ELIZABETH YOUNG, wife of S. J. Allen, in her 42d year.

On the 17th instant, MARY E. PATTERSON, aged 70 years.

On the 17th instant, Mr. GEORGE J. CHAPMAN, in his 32d year.

On the 16th instant, JOHN M. THOMPSON, in his 33d year.

On the 16th instant, Mrs. CATHARINE, wife of Peter Conrad, in her 62d year.

On the 15th instant, THOMAS P. BROWER, in his 30th year.

On the 16th instant, FRANCES BYERS, in her 46th year.

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WIT AND HUMOR.

Anecdotes of Lord Mansfield.

Lord Mansfield was once presiding at a trial consequent upon a collision of two ships at sea, when a common sailor, while giving testimony, said, "At the time I was standing abaft the binnacle;" whereupon his lordship, with a proper desire to master the facts of the case, observed, "Stay, stay a minute, witness; you say that at the time in question you were standing abaft the binnacle; now tell me, where is 'abaft the binnacle?'" This was too much for the gravity of "the salt," who immediately before climbing into the witness-box had taken a copious draught of rum. Removing his eyes from the bench, and turning round upon the crowded court with an expression of intense amusement, he exclaimed at the top of his voice, "He's a pretty fellow for a judge! Bless my jolly old eyes!—[the reader may substitute a familiar form of 'imprecation on eyesight']—you have got a pretty sort of a land lubber for a judge! He wants me to tell him where abaft the binnacle is!" Not less amused than the witness, Lord Mansfield rejoined, "Well, my friend, you must fit me for my office by telling me where abaft the binnacle is; you've already shown me the meaning of half seas over!"

On one occasion Lord Mansfield covered his retreat from an untenable position with a sparkling pleasantry. An old witness named Elm having given his evidence with remarkable clearness, although he was more than eighty years of age, Lord Mansfield examined him as to his habitual mode of living, and found that he had throughout life been an early riser, and a singularly temperate man. "Ay," observed the chief justice, in a tone of approval, "I have always found that without temperance and early habits, longevity is never attained." The next witness, the elder brother of this model of temperance, was then called, and he almost surpassed his brother as an intelligent and clear-headed utterer of evidence. "I suppose," observed Lord Mansfield, "that you also are an early riser?" "No, my lord," answered the veteran stoutly; "I like my bed at all hours, and especially in the morning." "Ah! but like your brother, you are a very temperate man?" quickly asked the judge, looking out anxiously for the safety of the more important part of his theory. "My lord," responded this ancient Elm, disdaining to plead guilty to a charge of habitual sobriety, "I am a very old man, and my memory is a clear as a bell, but I can't remember the night when I've gone to bed without being more or less drunk." Lord Mansfield was silent. "Ah! my lord," Mr. Dunning exclaimed, "this old man's case supports a theory upheld by many persons, that habitual intemperance is favorable to longevity." "No, no," replied the chief justice with a smile, "this old man and his brother merely teach us what every carpenter knows—that elm, whether it be wet or dry, is a very tough wood."

Sir Fletcher Norton was noted for his want of courtesy. When pleading before Lord Mansfield on some question of manorial right, he chanced to say, "My lord, I can illustrate the point in an instant in my own person—I myself have two little manors." The judge immediately interposed, with one of his blandest smiles, "We all know it, Sir Fletcher."

Mansfield was very intimate with the wits of his time, one of whom wrote of him,

"Graced as thou art with all the power of words,
So known, so honored in the House of Lords."

Another, of a more churlish nature, but not less wit, Sam Johnson, at once humorously recognised Mansfield's merit, and betrayed his own hatred of the Scotch, by mentioning him as "an instance of what might be made of a Scotchman who had been caught young."

Dutch Stoicism.

Irwin's steam saw-mill, which is a fine one, is a place of resort for sight-seers. Not long ago a German citizen walked into the mill and watched the progress of the big circular saw with much interest. Its rapid motion fascinated him, and stepping up, he applied the index finger of his right hand to the ill-defined periphery, when, much to his surprise, the end of the finger disappeared at the second joint. Very placidly he bound up the stump. Just then Mr. Irwin entered, and the victim of misplaced confidence accosted him thus:—

"Mr. Irwin, I comes to see your mills. I never comes to see your mills before. So I dakes mine finger like dis (putting the index finger of his left hand up to the saw) to feel him, and mein Gott—" The unlucky German, in explaining his first mishap, touched the saw with his left forefinger, which dropped off near the knuckle. Turning to the proprietor, in almost speechless amazement, he finally stammered out: "Mr. Irwin, I comes to see your mills. I haf not seen him before; I vill go avay and I never vill vant to see him any more."

Soldier Wit.

The colonel of an Alabama regiment was famous for having everything done up in military style. Once, while field officer of the day, and going his tour of inspection, he came on a sentinel from the Eleventh Mississippi Regiment, sitting flat down on his post, with his gun taken entirely to pieces, when the following dialogue took place:—

Colonel.—Don't you know that a sentinel, while on duty, should always keep on his feet?

Sentinel.—(Without looking up.) That's the way we used to do when the war first began; but that's played out long ago.

Colonel.—(Beginning to doubt if the man was on duty.) Are you the sentinel here?

Sentinel.—Well, I'm a sort of a sentinel.

Colonel.—Well, I'm a sort of officer of the day.

Sentinel.—Well, if you'll hold on till I sort of git my gun together, I'll give you a sort of salute.

A Bad Illustration.—Judge ———, who is now a very able judge of the Supreme Court of one of the great States of this Union, when he first "came to the bar" was a very blundering speaker. On one occasion, when he was trying a case of replevin, involving the right of property to a lot of hogs, he addressed the jury as follows:—"Gentlemen of the jury, there was just twenty-four hogs in that drove—just twenty-four, gentlemen—*exactly twice as many as there are in that jury box!*" The effect can be imagined.

☞ A gentleman in Iowa advertises for a wife "who wears her own hair, her own teeth, her own cheeks, her own 'bazzum,' and her own calves, without having went and gone and paid for them."

COMING TO AN UNDERSTANDING.

Young Squire Dashboard (to his betrothed).—"I say, Lou, when we start our matrimonial tandem, you know—you'll let me—that is—I should like to—eh?—what I mean—you won't mind taking the *chaste*, will you?"

Mrs. Partington's Last.

"What's the matter, dear?" said Mrs. Partington, as Ike threw the morning paper, that he had been reading, down upon the floor, and stamped on it. "What makes you so abstropolus, Isaac?"

"They're goin' to stop the importation of fire-crackers," replied Ike, with a flourish of his stupendous fist.

"Well, well," said Mrs. P., as soothing in her tone as a poultice, "I don't see anything harmonious in that. And you need not be so pugnascent about it, either; because it doesn't infect you anyhow."

"I'd like to know how they're going to keep Fourth of July," cried he, wiping an indignant tear from his eye. "Didn't John Quincy Adams tell us to burn all the tar-barrels, and ring the bells, and fire all the crackers we wanted to? And now Mr. Fessenden, only because they burnt his city down last Fourth of July, is going to stop their importation. I wish I was a member of Congress—"

"Don't, Isaac," the old lady interrupting him, "don't wish such a wicked thing as that; remember, you have got the family virtue to maintain."

She looked up, as she spoke, at the picture of the corporal of the bloody "'Leventh" on the wall; a sigh raised the white kerchief on her breast, at the sight of that Spartan embodiment of virtue; and, giving Ike a new three-cent piece that she mistook for a one, she relapsed into the stew then pending.

AFTER THE STORM.

BY HARRIET M'EWEN KIMBALL.

All night, in the pauses of sleep, I heard
The moan of the Snow-wind and the sea,
Like the wail of Thy sorrowing children, O God!
Who cry unto Thee.

But in beauty and silence the morning broke,
O'erflowing creation the glad light streamed;
And Earth stood shining and white as the souls
Of the blessed redeemed.

O glorious marvel in darkness wrought!
With smiles of promise the blue sky bent,
As if to whisper to all who mourn
Love's hidden intent.

Easy to Remember.—The length of the Atlantic cable from the point where it leaves Valentia Island to the spot where it landed at Heart's Content, is precisely 1,866 miles. It is a singular coincidence that its length should exactly conform to the date of the year of its completion.

☞ "Prevention is better than cure," as the pig said when it ran away from the butcher.

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Cranberry Culture.

Like the cultivation of all the other small fruits, that of the cranberry is every year becoming of more importance, and though the crop has been considerably more than doubled within the last eight years, the demand still runs largely ahead of the supply, and will continue to do so for twenty years to come, though within that period the aggregate crop of 1867 should be quadrupled.

We are glad to see the cranberry becoming so universally a favorite fruit; for in the first place among our whole list of fruits, foreign and domestic, there is no other so wholesome or susceptible of being prepared as food in so great a variety of ways, all good. Secondly, through its agency a great many thousands of acres of land, that for all other purposes would be totally worthless, will be utilized and turned to paying account. Then in the harvesting of the cranberry crop, there is profitable work for little hands, as well as for those of women and the aged and infirm, and many maimed soldiers whom we shall have with us these many years yet. Whatever affords employment for such as these is a public blessing, and so we bless the scarlet swamp berries, and the good taste of the public that is every year bringing them more into favor.

The cranberry can be successfully and profitably cultivated wherever the situation and soil are suitable, from Maine to Mexico, from Cape May to California, and for family use may be grown in the vegetable garden with as little trouble as the strawberry.

We have of late had several letters of inquiry upon the subject of preparing for and putting in cranberries, and as the season for preliminary preparation is with us, we will give briefly and as plainly as possible, such rules as we have learned by some personal experience, and more by visiting the cranberry plantations of Cape Cod, Plymouth, and Maine, and observing there the most approved practice, which is applicable to all parts of the United States where conditions are suitable to the growth of the berry.

There is an upland variety of cranberry that may be grown in gardens, or any suitable dry ground; but they are not so reliable or prolific bearers as the lowland or bog varieties, and we should not recommend their culture as a standard or market crop. For this the egg-shaped berry is preferable, as being hardier, a better bearer, and ripening its fruit from three to four weeks earlier than any of the other varieties. For this kind of cranberry it is desirable to have a low, muck or peat swamp, with a stream of never-failing water running through it. First ditch the stream with a straight drain lengthwise, taking the course of the stream as nearly through the centre of the bog as possible, making the cut from two to three feet deep according to requirements, and the sides of the drain with an easy slope, the better to prevent washing away and "caving in." This done, remove the surface hummocks and all inequalities, making it as nearly level as practicable in the direction of the course of the stream, but giving the surface a slight inclination from either side towards the ditch, so that all surface water will readily run off. It matters but little about the quality of the subsoil, so that it is not a stiff, tenacious clay, impervious to water; but it should have a covering of from five to six inches of good swamp muck, or peat first, and over this a layer of almost any kind of light, loose sand, free from stones, clay, and roots, or seeds of grass and foul weeds. Then having constructed a dam across the prepared plat at its lower side, having a slide gate, and raised high enough to admit of the entire surface being flowed to the depth of several inches at any time, the preparation for planting out the vines may be considered complete.

During the spring, from the first of April to the end of May is the most suitable season for putting in the vines, though if a stage of water can be commanded so that it shall stand within ten or twelve inches of the surface, planting may be successfully continued through the summer and fall. But spring planting is best always, as the vines get well rooted during the season, while those planted later lose a year's growth.

The newest and most approved practice of planting is to drop the vines on the surface in lines about five feet apart, and the plants as nearly as practicable eighteen inches from each other in the rows. Each vine is tramped into the soil with the foot as the planter progresses with the work, and assistants following, covers with about an inch of light, loose sand. In this way the plat is most rapidly planted, and like chamomile the vines are rather stimulated to a more vigorous growth by the rough tramping into the soil. The standard and more common practice of planting, however, is to puncture the ground with a thick pointed dibble, making rows of holes eighteen inches apart and about four deep. Place the roots of the vines in these holes, press the soil about them lightly, and the process is completed.

During the first season the plat should be kept clear of all weeds and grass with the hoe. After that no cultivation is necessary; only rushes, grass and weeds that may spring up, and will be likely to injure the plants by their presence, ought to be cut out clean and carried off. On the third year a medium crop may be expected, and the fourth season a maximum one, varying according to circumstances from one to three bushels per square rod.

Though flowing is not an arbitrary requisite of cranberry culture, it is advisable wherever it can be conveniently done, as a flooding of from twenty-four to thirty hours duration twice during the season—the first during the latter part of May, and the second from the 1st to the 10th of June, not only gives vigor to the vines, but effectually destroys the insect pests that are beginning to become troublesome enemies to cranberry culture. By keeping the surface flowed during the winter to the depth of a foot, the vines will be thoroughly protected from all damage by frost, rather benefitted than injured by the water, and there will be at the same time afforded a nice skating park for the young folks, and a supply of ice for summer stock. The water, however, should be drawn off about the 20th of March.

In conclusion, we advise every farmer everywhere who has a waste corner too wet for good grass, grain, or any of the usual root crops, to prepare it properly and plant cranberry vines. The fruit will pay large dividends these twenty years yet. There is no question about that.

Spring Wheat.

We have upon one or two occasions offered our ideas upon the propriety of putting in more spring wheat; particularly in localities where winter grain has never done as well as it ought, or where of late years it has been a failure from winter kill, or the depredations of fly, weevil or some other pest inimical to wheat.

Spring wheat of Italian, or the French T. varieties makes flour little inferior to that made from the best winter sorts, and as by proper management the yield per acre of spring sown wheat may be made to average very nearly that of winter grain, the argument in very many instances is strongly in favor of growing the spring crop.

The best policy to pursue where a good yield of spring wheat is expected, is to select a field where potatoes have followed corn, and the corn meadow or pasture, and that for both the cultivated crops has been liberally enriched with well rotted and distributed stable manure. Plough "down to the beam" as early as the ground is in fit condition to be stirred. Harrow thoroughly across the furrows, immediately after the plough, and close following the harrow, sow by drill, if that implement is among your farming outfit, at the rate of five pecks per acre, setting the teeth well down that the seed may be got in at least three inches deep. As a rule all wheat sown is left too near the surface.

If the grain drill is wanting, have by all means a "Share's Cultivator Harrow" on hand, and sowing broadcast at the rate of five pecks per acre, go over the field with the "Share's" machine at light draught, sweeping a breadth of seven feet at each "through," turning twelve light furrows at once, thoroughly disintegrating, leaving the soil light, and covering the grain effectually at just the proper depth. We look upon the *Share's Coulter Harrow* as one of the most valuable among the whole long list of improved agricultural implements.

Gathered Grains.

——The latest case of New England pork is that of a dressed "Leicester" twenty-months pig that tipped the scales at a trifle over 1,200 pounds. Our "Chesters," and western *Hospitalliers* will have to bristle up to beat that.

——They are fixing things to turn large territories in Wisconsin and Iowa into hop yards. Well, there is much money in hops, and the wide-awake western farmers are hopping around in good season preparing to find it.

——Concentrating oysters has become an accomplished fact. A man may now pocket a moderate cargo of "Chincoteagues," and dine deliciously on oyster soup out of a quart tin can every day during a three weeks' march.

——In France they are making all sorts of wearing apparel perfectly fireproof by a simple cheap material and process that costs no more than ordinary clear-starching.

——Pigs are becoming plentier in all this eastern range—potatoes will be in excess of demand next month—poultry has put down the price of eggs from fifty-five to thirty cents, and ploughs are beginning to furrow the face of Mother Earth in many directions.

——Cries of: *Fr-e-e-sh—shad*—O1 begin to be lengthened out along our streets, while shadows are gradually shortening—Sun getting higher and shad lower.

RECEIPTS.

Sago Soup.—Take three pounds of lean, beef, a slice of lean ham, and lay them in a stewpan with a lump of butter; draw the gravy gently; add two quarts of water, and a sliced onion, which has been browned by frying in fresh butter; add a bunch of sweet herbs, six cloves, a blade of mace, a tablespoonful of allspice, and one of black pepper, whole; stew until the soup is rich and brown; remove the meat, strain the soup clear, and put it in a stewpan; thicken it sufficiently with sago.

Breast of Veal with Oyster Sauce.—Rub the veal all over with salt and pepper. Cover it with buttered paper, and then with coarse paste; baste frequently, to prevent the paper and paste from burning; half an hour before serving, remove the paste and paper. Beat the white of an egg, add a very little loaf sugar, and wet the veal with the egg and sugar, without leaving any lumps of the glazing, and brown it nicely. Prepare drawn butter with oysters, and serve the sauce in a tureen. This sauce can be used with roast or boiled veal to good advantage, if oysters are plenty. Serve with mashed potatoes.

Potage aux Nouilles.—Put half a pound of flour on the board, mix it with an egg, salt, a teaspoonful of chopped parsley. It makes a thick, dry paste. Roll it with a pin, sprinkling flour to keep it from sticking, till it is thick as possible. Roll it flat, and hang it over a chair back to dry. When it has dried half an hour, cut the paste in small narrow strips like a pencil. Put a pot of broth on the fire. When it boils, drop in the nouilles strips.

Fried Clams.—Open carefully into a chopping-bowl, saving the liquor, but be careful that no gritty particles from the shell fall in; chop coarsely, break over them an egg, thicken lightly with flour, drop in a spoonful to plenty of butter or fat. *Fry* slowly.

Clam Fritters.—Like the above, with the difference of a cupful of sweet milk; two eggs. Chop the clams quite fine.

Lemon Honeycomb.—Sweeten the juice of a lemon to taste, and pour it into the dish you serve it in; mix the white of an egg that is beaten with a pint of rich cream and a little sugar; whisk it, and as the froth rises put it on the lemon juice. Do it the day before you wish to use it.

Lemon Cream.—Take a pint of thick cream and put it to the yolks of two eggs well beaten, 4 oz. of fine sugar, and the thin rind of a lemon; boil it up; then stir it till almost cold; put the juice of a lemon in a dish or bowl, and put the cream upon it, stirring it till quite cold.

Coffee as a Disinfectant.—Coffee is an effective disinfecting agent, as the following experiment will show:—A quantity of meat was hung up in a room which was kept closed until the decomposition of the meat was far advanced. A chafing-dish was then put in, and some half-roasted coffee thrown on the fire. In a few minutes the room was disinfected. The best way to effect this fumigation is to strew ground coffee on a hot iron plate.

THE RIDDLER.

Shakspearean Rebus.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A character in Henry VI.
A character in Romeo and Juliet.
A character in Midsummer Night's Dream.
A character in The Tempest.
A character in Hamlet.
A character in Much Ado About Nothing.
A character in Merry Wives of Windsor.
A character in Two Gentlemen of Verona.
A character in King Henry V.
A character in The Comedy of Errors.
A character in Cymbeline.
A character in Macbeth.
A character in King John.
A character in Twelfth Night.
A character in Merchant of Venice.
A character in Othello.
A character in Antony and Cleopatra.
A character in Timon of Athens.

The initials form the name of one of Shakspeare's plays. WM. H. MORROW.

Irwin Station, Pa.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a lady's nickname.
My second signifies opposition.
My third is something mean and disgraceful.
My fourth belongs to the angels. It gives a tone to art, enters into painting, and though lingering with sadness, is ever found among the gay and happy.
My whole, in southern latitudes, is a magnificent evergreen tree, bearing a large and beautiful flower of delicious fragrance.

Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

Probability Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A can hit a circular target of 5 inches radius, at a distance of 120 yards, 3 times out of 7 shots with a rifle; and B can hit the same target, at the same distance, 9 times out of 13 shots. Suppose they both fire at the target simultaneously.

Required—the probability that the target will be hit; the probability that *both* will hit it; the probability that A will hit it and B miss it, and the probability that B will hit it and A will miss it. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Two travellers, A and B, were asked how far they had travelled. A said that he had travelled 50 miles further than B. B said if the number of miles he had travelled were repeated once for every mile A had travelled, the distance would be 75,000 miles. How far had each travelled?

Irwin Station, Pa. W. H. MORROW.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is *d* like a ring? Ans.—Because we can't be *wed* without it.

☞ What word is that of eight letters, from which, if you take away five, ten will still remain? Ans.—Tendency.

☞ Why is wealth like a problem in figures? Ans.—Because it is something to sigh for (cipher.)

☞ What word is always pronounced wrong? Ans.—*Wrong*, of course.

☞ Why are the Marys the most amiable of their sex? Ans.—Because they can always be Molly-fied.

☞ When is fortune like an appendage to a vessel? Ans.—When it is amassed (a mast.)

☞ Why is a sailor never a sailor? Ans.—Because he is always a-board or a-shore.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—"The mysterious and attractive Zig." ENIGMA—Clash, (lash, ash.) CHARADE—Cornfield (corn-field.)

Answer to J. M. Greenwood's PROBLEM, Jan. 12th—The point of greatest observation is inversely the quantity of matter; 189875.41772161 miles from the centre of the earth. Joseph S. Phebus.

Answer to Percival Jewett's PROBLEM, Jan. 19th—14 yards each; A paying 25, B 20, and C 15 cents per yard. D. Diefenbach and Frank Farwell.

Answer to PROBLEM by Selected, Jan. 19th—He should have sailed north nearly 22½ miles. James M. Greenwood.

Answer to Artemas Martin's PROBLEM, same date—125. A. Martin, J. M. Greenwood, Lewis Lebus and J. B. Sanders.

Answer to A. Martin's PROBLEM, Jan. 26th—The altitude of the frustrum is 12.299297 inches. Artemas Martin.

Keeping Awake to "Live."

It has been well said that "one half of the world does not know how the other half lives"—*i. e.*, gains a living. One man in Paris earns a livelihood by keeping awake himself and disturbing the sleep of his employers. A man in a blouse is brought up before the Prefecture of Police, charged with being a vagabond. He was found sleeping in the gutter. "Who are you?" "I am a waker by trade." "A what—waker?" "I'm the man what wakes the market gardeners at the great markets. My business is to pinch 'em when they sleep, and I get one sou for every market gardener I wake." "How comes it, then, you were found asleep?" "That's just what I was going to tell you. Sometimes I go to sleep, too—a fellow is a fellow, after all, you know—so I have a deputy waker, who receives half a sou every time he catches me asleep." "How comes it, then, he didn't wake you?" "Well, you see, a fellow is a fellow, after all, and my deputy he went to sleep, too, and he's got no deputy under him to wake him when he goes to sleep, and that's how 'tis."

☞ Harry and Cunning are the two apprentices of Dispatch and Skill, but neither of them ever learn their master's trade.